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SCOTTISH ANARCHIST EDITION No. 1

ABOLISH THE POLICE FORCE Stuart Christie

MARXIST BACKLASH Tom Nairn

WILDCAT STRIKES - YORGO THE GREEK

Decentralise!—But What?

SNP—The Tartan Tories

THE SUDDEN upsurge of nationalist parties is partly due to the disillusion with the major parties and partly due to an increasing aversion of state centralisation. Many people, having undergone the experience of being ruled by Tory Governments and Labour Governments alike, have no longer any faith in them. Some young people who have experienced the relatively rapid pace of controls over the lives of the population feel that some decentralisation of political control would be favourable. They feel that control taken away from Westminster would be the answer to their problems. Local politicians would be more acquainted and sympathetic with their affairs they say. They feel that their areas would be better developed: more jobs, more houses, cheaper food and cheaper rents would be the order of the day. More democracy—less bureaucracy—less controls.

Now let me say to the Nationalists that several weeks ago Matt McGinn, popular Glasgow folk singer, was nominated by his local branch of the Scottish Nationalist Party as candidate for Parliament. The national executive committee of the SNP rejected this nomination. They referred to Matt McGinn's political background. It was stated that McGinn was an ex-Communist which in fact he was and also an ex-Labour Party member. But not merely because of this but also because the voting was not a unanimous decision but a majority one.

How many candidates are voted to stand by unanimous decision I wonder? I think they are conspicuous by their absence. Even if there was only one against, this would still be a majority decision. How long will this particular branch have to take to get a unanimous decision in order to put up a candidate?

It should be obvious that McGinn's political background has some bearing on this. Perhaps he would be an embarrassment to the big-wigs of the SNP. So much for democracy within the nats. The party will be reserved for the panderers of middle-class liberalism in Scotland as far as office positions are concerned.

On the economic plane, have the rank and file of the SNP asked themselves what difference there is between the programme of the SNP and the major parties? What difference is there outside of advocating rule by the SNP (Home Rule)? They have the same empty promises. Empty because they are promises which cannot be fulfilled.

Should the SNP come to power in Scotland, this change of political power would be ineffective as far as the ordinary people who work for their living is concerned. They would still have to work for wages, pay rents and taxes. They would still have little or no collective control over their conditions of work. They would still be subject to the fear of insecurity and unemployment. Decentralisation of political power means little or nothing of any consequence without decentralisation of economic power. The SNP in political control would just mean different puppets dancing on the strings pulled by the bankers and industrialists.

The Scottish workers would still be working to maintain the parasitical growth of the capitalist class upon its back.

American capitalists would still own and control through their lackeys—Singers of Clydebank; Burroughs of Cumbernauld; Tannochside Tractors; Rootes of Linwood, etc. And of course the British capitalists would still be solidly entrenched. The SNP may change some things of course.

It may change your diet habits through advertising. You may be eating more haggis, more mince and tatties and more Scott's Porage Oats.

It may change your coinage. Instead of the Queen's head on one side of the penny and Britannia on the other, perhaps we will have the bagpipes on one side and a claymore on the other. But changing the economic relationships, that's another matter! You will have to do that by your own activity. By working for workers' ownership of the means of life through decentralised control of all the industries. Parliament is the place where the laws are made to protect the interests of the privileged classes. Ministers are instructed to toe the line when they use some indiscretion; opposition questions of importance are vetoed. Even the Cabinet are not even consulted on matters of grave importance at times. On the question of the atom bomb, for example, Cabinet Ministers were left in the dark. The real government are those behind the scenes who own the means of wealth production.

Forget about trying to decentralise Parliament. Concentrate on the decentralisation of wealth.

R. LYNN.

BOREDOM YA BASS!

A VISITOR to Glasgow today might be excused for thinking himself in some strange foreign land, for, as far as the eye could see, walls and other suitable surfaces would be covered with strange cryptic slogans—'Tongs Ya Bass', 'Drummy OK', 'Pak OK', 'Govan Team Rules', 'Jesus Saves—Rebels Kill' (Tradeston Young Rebels), etc., etc.

This strange variety of graffiti is not so common in the city centre, as most commercial firms remove them from their premises, but as one travels outwards from the city centre they tend to increase until what seems to be their source is reached, in the outlying council schemes such as Pollok, Drumchapel, Castlemilk and Easterhouse.

These effusions are the work of Glasgow's teenage gangs, who do not confine themselves, however, to literary activities but often indulge in activities of a more violent kind. Apart from intergang skirmishes and warfare, there are occasional apparently pointless attacks on uninvolved passers-by. An example—a group of youths approached a teenager in the city centre and asked the way to the Royal Infirmary, he directed them and was then slashed about the face and neck and told to go there and get that sewed up. This kind of incident makes good copy for the national gutter press and they occasionally descend on the city in droves, searching for teenage gangsters.

The first Glasgow scheme to gain notoriety in the Scottish press was Drumchapel. However, thanks to the intervention of Frankie Vaughan, Drumchapel's place as a 'hard' district was rapidly overhauled by Easterhouse, which has taken over the position and reputation of Gorbals in the 1930s, maintaining the totally false image of the Glasgow of *No Mean City*. A lot of rubbish has been written about Easterhouse's problems and the solutions advocated in the popular press and by reactionaries such as Baillie James Anderson, Police Convenor of Glasgow Corporation, have been, more or less, uniformly repressive—bring back the birch, long prison sentences, the return of hanging, the return of National Service, etc., etc., ad nauseam. Few serious attempts have been made to analyse the causes of this phenomenon, which is not solely confined to Glasgow but seems to have spread all over Central Scotland, as most people seem to prefer to suggest cures for the symptoms rather than the causes.

If one visits any of Glasgow's vast council schemes it is not really surprising that the young people of the area are in revolt against their environment, uncon-

Who's Got the Ball?

scious though this revolt may be. Vast barracks of dull uniform houses sprawl over hundreds of acres with nothing to relieve the monotony. These schemes were built immediately after the war by Glasgow Corporation's City Architects and Planning Department, staffed almost entirely by architects and concerned only to throw up the maximum number of housing units at the minimum cost. The result was huge housing deserts with an almost total lack of amenities—no shopping facilities and no provision for social life or recreation—nothing except houses, with occasional buses in and out of the schemes.

Drumchapel is a case in point—building commenced immediately after the war, creating a housing area with a bigger population than Perth. The shopping centre was built years later in 1962, the Community Centre ('undesirables' i.e. teenagers, excluded) in 1963, the Youth Centre in late 1967 and the swimming pool in 1968. So far no public houses have appeared, although two are under construction at the moment. There are no cafés, although one existed a few years ago but this was closed down by the police because of the number of fights—it was too small to cope with the hordes of teenagers trying to use it.

This has been the result of leaving community planning, such as it is, to the local bureaucrats. In the reassessment of urban planning that has been taking place in the universities, academics are suggesting that it was a mistake to leave planning in the hands of a City Architect, who seems unable to comprehend that people have needs other than housing, and that planning should be a joint responsibility of architects, sociologists and urban geographers (jobs for the boys, especially sociologists and urban geographers)—any ordinary Glaswegian could tell the planners that it does not take years of academic training to say that amenities should be planned for as well as housing. The result has been a blind incoherent rebellion against society by the young people living in these schemes. Unfortunately this has not been accompanied by any raising of the social consciousness but is the product of frustration and especially boredom.

This rebellion has spread from the dreary council schemes of Glasgow to the dreary tenement slums of Glasgow and new gangs have appeared in the traditional gang areas of Glasgow. When interviewed by the press or TV these young people claim they 'run' with gangs and carry weapons for self-defence or out of sheer boredom. By providing this cheap housing for their industrial proletariat, with no provision for the needs of young people, the planners have unleashed violence and vandalism in the schemes, which seems to the young people to be the only way they can express their dissatisfaction with life and society in general which has condemned them to live in these dreary prisons. It is apparent that the traditional authoritarian way of organising society has failed miserably (as it fails so often) in the creation of new communities and this failure is immediately and painfully obvious to anybody who has the misfortune to dwell in these places.

One point that must be cleared up, however, is that Drumchapel, Easterhouse, etc., are not subject to gang rule nor is it dangerous to live there or walk about there in the evening, although this is not what the gutter press and BBC would have us believe. Surely, it is ridiculous that any street fight by teenagers in Easterhouse merits banner headlines on the front of the *Scottish Daily Express* and a stabbing in Govan, a strike on the Clyde or a riot or revolution abroad scarcely merits a paragraph inside.

R. ALEXANDER.

Fishy Business in Aberdeen

NOW THAT the election dust has settled, and the promises have been happily forgotten, and Aberdeen gets back to its usual overcrowding, outside toilets, etc., it's timely to look at certain aspects of the 'Granite City' that needs bringing out into the open. How many people know, for example, of the happy practice of Aberdeen Town Council in giving the poor councillors and their wives, a public Xmas dinner every year?

No one seems to have commented on one aspect of the Aberdeen Branch of the Scottish National Party, which they try their damnedest to keep quiet about, i.e. the fish merchants who make up their local candidates. Let's go through the list: McDonald (St. Clements) a fish merchants, Ewing (Northfield) a fish merchant, Hosie (Torry) a fish merchant, Clark (Woodside) a fish merchant. McKenna (St. Clements), amazingly enough, isn't actually a fish merchant. He just sells trawler gear! Everyone in Aberdeen is well aware of the gruesome conditions and lousy wages in this mid-Victorian industry. A nice bit of SNP hypocrisy is revealed here. It is the policy of the Scottish National Party, and propounded by Winnie Ewing, that in a 'free' Scotland, employers will be forced to recognise trade unions and will have to accord their employees' union rights. As the present writer will be only too happy to testify, trade unionism in the fish trade is discouraged at the point of the fist when nescessary. The SNP made a great fuss in the election over the lack of industry in Aberdeen. But Francis Clark, the SNP candidate for Woodside, is the owner of one of the biggest fish firms in the city, and recently spoke out violently against a plan for Findus Frozen Foods to open a factory employing 1,000 people in the city. Why? He feared that he might have to compete for labour and would be forced to pay decent wage rates!

And what of these devoted friends of the people, the Aberdeen Progressives, or to give them their real name, the Tories? Well, Baillie Williams, Tory candidate for North Aberdeen, is happy. So he should be, with thousands of pounds in council contracts for office equipment under his ample belt. Did you know that he declared an interest recently, during a council meeting, in £30,000 of equipment for St. Nicholas House? Did you know that J. T. L. Parkinson has had thousands of pounds' worth of contracts for council plumbing and heating contracts in the last year? All perfectly legal. All they do is satisfy a law that says they must declare an interest, take no further part in the proceedings, and their mates vote them the contract.

Some of the little semi-secret deals going around Aberdeen just now stink. You know the council allotments at the corner of Murray Terrace? That area, which has been semi-derelict for years, was going to be used for council housing. Now your honest council has decided

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MARXIST BACKLASH

IN THE CURRENT issue of the weekly *New Society* (May 22), E. J. Hobsbawm—one of Britain's foremost Marxist historians—administers a rap over the knuckles to libertarian revolutionaries. That is, to those who believe there is some necessary connection between personal and sexual freedom and social revolution—and who hope therefore that future revolutions will be more than short-lived 'festivals of the oppressed' subsiding into disciplinarian takeovers. 'It is about time,' snaps Hobsbawm, 'that someone pointed out that there are no good grounds for this belief.'

On the contrary, he claims, permissiveness is if anything counter-revolutionary in character: rulers have encouraged it among their subjects 'if only to keep their minds off their subjection'. As examples of this, he mentions slave society, and Hinduism. Revolution on the other hand has always been puritanical by nature (the article is titled 'Revolution is Puritan'). It necessarily imposes an iron morality, as part of the ordered social transformation it fosters. Indeed, it is positively **philistine:** the 'cultural' revolt so closely linked to permissiveness in our time is suspect as well. At best, it is only a symptom; at worst, it may be (like sexual licence) a distraction from serious revolutionary business: 'The revolution of 1917,' Hobsbawm continues, 'reduced Dada to its proper social and political perspective. . . . When the French went on strike in May 1968 . . . (student happenings) and those splendid graffiti could be seen to be forms of minor literature, marginal to the main events. The more prominent Dada and similar phenomena are, the more confident we can be that the big things are not happening. . . .'

Hobsbawm as the Marxist ideologist of this remarkable outburst is somewhat at odds with Hobsbawm the historian. For as the latter, he must know perfectly well that the French would never have been on strike in May 1968, were it not for what are now so easily dismissed as 'happenings' and 'minor literature'. Had these 'symptomatic', 'marginal' events not occurred, De Gaulle would still be on his throne, and the bourgeoisie, the Communist Party, and the Marxist sects would all still be happy in their work. Nor is it merely captious to object that one could equally well say that Dada reduces the 1917 revolution to its proper perspective: for Dada represented the *libertarian and cultural revolution* which 1917 expressed for a number of years, and later betrayed completely—the better self of the revolution, so to speak, which Hobsbawm now suggests can never be its true or lasting self.

Why should this be so? In considering underlying reasons, the ideologist seems to eclipse the historian even more totally. It may indeed be true that in many stagnant, caste-divided societies of the past, sexual licence was tolerated or encouraged among the lower orders. But we are the inheritors of a radically different social order (whose economic history none has described better than Hobsbawm himself), and hence it is likely that the growing permissiveness of our time has a radically different social meaning.

Bourgeois society has been remarkable in history for the strong moral unity it tried to impose on all social classes. It has disciplined and harnessed the whole social order in the service of its one, hidden god: the accumulation of capital. It was to this end that the old laxity of feudalism and slavery was stamped out, and universal puritan conformity and self-denial took its place.

If capitalism has now relaxed the grip of this odious morality, it is because capital no longer seems to require the support of that other sacred institution, the family. Capital has come into its own, in the anonymous machine-might of corporations and states: before the impersonal forces which now control the formation of capital, questions of petty personal ethics or cultural display appear as irrelevant as distant stars. In this situation—as Marcuse asserts, before Hobsbawm, in his *One-Dimensional Man*—the disintegration of the old fossil-morality becomes merely a commercially exploitable safety-valve. The mass-media take over from the puritan conscience, as the key form of cultural control: our circuses, our well-fed slaves, our pathetic efforts at debauchery, all provide a kind of analogy to the permissiveness of past empires.

But what kind of analogy? It is surprising indeed that Hobsbawm should take it so much at its face value, and (in effect) agree with the masters of capital, who naturally hope the analogy is a valid one. For this is simply another—one of the last—of those blind, contradictory, double-edged transformations which have marked the whole development of capitalism. The one thing one can be sure of is that its real social meaning will differ from such superficial appearances. Just how colossally different this meaning is becoming, has been shown in every western country, in the concrete behaviour of the first generation which has grown up outside the old moral vice. Here, in allowing the wind of freedom to be sown—even in the partial, cramped forms we see—capitalism will quickly reap a disastrous whirlwind. Far from being a mere drug or safety-valve, permissiveness has generated an absolute boundary to the empire of capital—an internal frontier as strong as the external one drawn by the peasants of Vietnam. And while Moloch can retreat from the latter to consolidate his strength elsewhere, he cannot retreat from the former: that is, from the inner dialectic of his own development.

Such considerations affect how one views revolution, in turn. Hobsbawm is right to point out that past revolutions have been puritan. But there is a possible confusion in the argument here. Revolutions are (in a sense) 'puritan' while they are at work, because people are too busy and completely devoted to the task in hand to think of much else: the question is, *what factors have perpetuated this discipline later, and transformed it into* permanent authoritarian bigotry? Surely this has happened because every past revolution has been faced with those same necessities which made the earlier history of bourgeois society 'puritan': the urgent need for material accumulation, to escape from starvation or subsistence-living, and the tight social discipline this requires. Because they occurred in conditions of 'under-development', their inevitable first task was the painful one of 'development', at the expense of the revolution's better self. After their festival, the oppressed have always had to be driven back to work again, much harder than before.

But the social revolution of societies which have undergone our degree of economic development may—indeed must—be quite different. We are at present in the very first stages of discovering just how different, and trying very tentatively to formulate its laws. One would have thought it obvious for a Marxist that such laws must be grounded in the distinctive conditions of modern capitalist society—that is, in the very same conditions which have produced the 'permissiveness' Hobsbawm speaks of Unless of course contradiction and dialectic suddenly died of old age, in April 1968. If we assume they survived, and Marxism as social science can still be distinguished from Marxism as ideology (or devotional exercises in the museum of past revolution), then it looks very much as if the two laws of contemporary revolution will be: first, that revolution is libertarian at the root, with a force which will outlast any brief festival of the oppressed; second, that the 'cultural' factor of revolution will become progressively more significant—so that, to reverse Hobsbawm's dictum, the more prominent such cultural revolt is, the more confident we can be that the 'big things' will happen.

After all, what is implied in the social mutation which has brought about 'permissiveness'? Capitalism's new-found confidence in its total domination of human nature, exerted through the giant apparatus of cultural communication now essential to its functioning (information-machines, the media, advertising). We can be permitted some freedom, as it were, because under these conditions freedom is unreal. But these very conditions have called forth a more total response from human nature, and posed a total threat to society in ever more 'cultural' terms (that is, in the terms of our own time, and not those of the 19th century). The freedom is real: men have proved capable of producing it for themselves within the heart of the unreal forest, where there should have been nothing but stunted trees.

A Marxist who can say, after the events of the past few years, after May

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TO NEW READERS

FREEDOM PRESS are the publishers of the monthly magazine ANARCHY and the weekly journal FREEDOM which was started by Kropotkin and others in 1886. ANARCHY, our younger brother, celebrates its 100th appearance next month, no mean achievement for a magazine entirely dependent on voluntary labour and contributions.

Because of obvious distribution difficulties encountered by anarchist publications it is safer to subscribe to ensure getting your copies. It also helps us. (Subscription details are on page 2.)

At one time we were able to publish more books and pamphlets than we do at present. But we are glad to announce the forthcoming publication of Kropotkin's 'The State—Its Historic Role' in a new translation by Vernon Richards from the French original.

Editors.

Anarchist Federation of Britain

LONDON FEDERATION OF ANARCHISTS. All correspondence to LFA, c/o Freedom Press.
LAVENDER HILL MOB. Contact C. Broad, 116 Tyneham Road, S.W.11 (228 4086).
LEWISHAM. Mike Malet, 61B Granville Park, S.E.13. (852 8879).
MALATESTA GROUP. Contact Reg Broad, 5 Welbeck Court, Addison Bridge Place, W.14. 603 0550. Meetings every Thursday at 'The Cedars', (upstairs room), next to Baron's Court library, 8 p.m.
PORTOBELLO ROAD ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Andrew Dewar, 16 Kilburn House, Malvern Place, N.W.6. Meetings 8 p.m. every Tuesday.
FINCH'S ANARCHISTS. Regular meetings. Contact P.P., 271 Portobello Road, W.11.
BEXLEY ANARCHIST MOVEMENT. Steve Leman, 28 New Road, Abbey Wood, S.E.2. Tel.: ET 35377. Meetings every Friday, 8 p.m., Lord Bexley, Bexleyheath Broadway.
S.W. LONDON ANARCHISTS. Meeting alternate Wednesdays. Phone Brian 672 8494.

EAST LONDON LIBERTARIAN FEDERATION

Support wanted for numerous activities in area. Secretary: Anthony Matthews, 35 Mayville Road, London, E.11. Meetings fortnightly on Sundays at Ron Bailey's, 128 Hainault Road, E.11 (LEY 8059). Ten minutes from Leytonstone Underground.
Active groups in: **LEYTONSTONE, STEPNEY, NEWHAM, ILFORD, DAGENHAM, WOODFORD and LIMEHOUSE.**

OFF-CENTRE LONDON DISCUSSION MEETINGS

Every Wednesday at Jack Robinson's and Mary Canipa's, 21 Rumbold Road, S.W.6 (off King's Road), 8 p.m.
SIEGE OF SIDNEY STREET APPRECIATION SOCIETY. Frances Cooper, 2a Fairfield Gardens, Hornsey, N.8. Wednesdays, 8 p.m.

REGIONAL FEDERATIONS AND GROUPS

BIRMINGHAM ANARCHIST GROUP. Secretary, Peter Le Mare, 22 Hallewell Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16. Libertarian discussion groups held 8 p.m. on each Tuesday at the Arts Lab, Summer Lane (not the Crown). S.a.e. to Secretary for details.
BOURNEMOUTH AREA. Local anarchists can be contacted through Nigel Holt, Rossmore, Harvey Road, Canford, Wimborne, Dorset. (Wimborne 2991.)
CORNWALL ANARCHISTS. Contact Arthur Jacobs, 13 Ledrah Road, St. Austell, Cornwall. Meetings on the second Friday of each month at 42 Pendarves Street, Beacon, Camborne. 7.30 p.m. Visiting comrades very welcome.
CROYDON LIBERTARIANS. Meetings every 2nd Friday of each month. Laurens and Celia Otter, 35 Natal Road, Thornton Heath (LIV 7546).
EDGWARE PEACE ACTION GROUP. Contact Melvyn Estrin, 84 Edgwarebury Lane, Edgware, Middx.
HERTS. Contact Val and John Funnell, 10 Fry Road, Chells, Stevenage.
LEICESTER PROJECT. Peace/Libertarian action and debate. Every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 1 The Crescent, King Street, Leicester.
MUTUAL AID GROUP, c/o Borrowdale, Carriage Drive, Frodsham, Cheshire.
NORTH EAST ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Peter Ridley, 4 Rockcliffe Gardens, Whitley Bay, Northumberland. Phone 25759.
NORTH SOMERSET ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Roy Emery, 3 Abbey Street, Bath, or Geoffrey Barfoot, 71 St. Thomas Street, Wells.
NOTTING HILL. Meetings at John Bennett's, Flat 4, 88 Clarendon Road, W.11. Every Monday evening, 8 p.m.
ORPINGTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Knockholt, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Every six weeks at Greenways, Knockholt. Phone: Knockholt 2316. Brian and Maureen Richardson.
READING (town and university) and **WOKINGHAM.** Contact address: Larry Law, 57 Kiln Ride, Wokingham, Berkshire.
REDDITCH ANARCHISTS AND LIBERTARIANS. Contact Dave Lloyd, 37 Feckenham Road, Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcs.
WEST HAM ANARCHISTS. Regular meetings and activities contact Mr. T. Plant, 10 Thackeray Road, East Ham, E.6. Tel.: 552 4162.

ESSEX & EAST HERTS FEDERATION

Three-monthly meetings. Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Peter Newell (see N.E. Essex Group).
Group Addresses:—
BASILDON & WICKFORD. Steve Grant, 'Piccola Casa', London Road, Wickford, Essex.
NORTH EAST ESSEX. Peter Newell, 91 Brook Road, Tolleshunt Knights, Tiptree, Essex. Regular meetings.
BISHOPS STORTFORD. Vic Mount, 'Eastview', Castle Street, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
CHELMSFORD. (Mrs.) Eva Archer, Mill House, Purleigh, Chelmsford, Essex.
EPPING. John Barrick, 14 Centre Avenue, Epping, Essex.
HARLOW. Ian Dallas, 18 Brookline Field, Harlow and Annette Gunning, 37 Longbanks, Harlow.
LOUGHTON. Group c/o Students' Union, Loughton College of Further Education, Borders Lane, Loughton, Essex.

NORTH-WEST FEDERATION

Secretary: Phil, 9 Boland Street, Manchester, 14.
BLACKPOOL. Contact Christine Seddon, 111 Harcourt Road, Blackpool.
BOLTON. Contact John Hayes, 51 Rydal Road, Bolton.
CHORLEY. Contact Kevin Lynch, 6 Garfield Terrace, Chorley.
LANCASTER AND MORECAMBE. Contact Les Smith, 30 Dunkeld Street, Lancaster. Meetings Monday at 8 p.m., Phil Woodhead's, 30 Dunkeld Street, Lancaster. Regular literature sales.
MANCHESTER ANARCHIST GROUP. 'The Secretary', Felix Phillips, 6 Draycott Street, Manchester, 10.
Regular weekly meetings. Contact Secretary for venue.
MERSEYSIDE ANARCHISTS. Contact Jenny Rathbone, 20 Sefton Park Road, Liverpool, 8. Meetings every Tuesday, at 8 p.m., at Pete Duke's, Flat 6, 70 Huskisson Street, Liverpool, 8.
PRESTON ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact J. B. Cowburn, 140 Watling Street Road, Fulwood, Preston. Meetings: 'The Wellington Hotel', Glovers Court, Preston, Wednesdays, 8 p.m.
STOCKPORT. Dave Crowther, 1 Castle Street, Edgeley, Stockport.

SURREY FEDERATION

EPSOM. G. Wright, 47 College Road, Epsom. Tel. Epsom 23806.
KINGSTON. Michael Squirrel, 4 Woodgate Ave., Hook, Chessington.
GUILDFORD. Peter Cartwright, 33 Denzil Road, Guildford.
MERTON. Elliot Burns, 13 Amity Grove, London, S.W.19. Tel. 01-946 1444.

SUSSEX FEDERATION

Groups and individuals invited to associate: c/o Eddie Poole, 5 Tilsbury, Findon Road, Whitehawk, Brighton.
BRIGHTON & HOVE ANARCHIST GROUP. Sebastian Melmoth, 6 Foundry Street, Brighton. Regular fortnightly meetings. On Saturday, May 17, a FREE SCHOOLS meeting, 3 p.m., Unitarian Church Hall, New Road, Brighton.
CRAWLEY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Richard Ashwell, 87 Buckswood Drive, Gossops Green, Crawley, Sussex.
SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP (see details under Student Groups).

YORKSHIRE FEDERATION

Next meeting: Sunday, June 15 in York. Contact Regional Secretary c/o York Group (see below).
HARROGATE. Contact David Howes, 16 Park Parade, Harrogate.
HULL: Jim Young, 3 Fredericks Crescent, Hawthorn Avenue, Hull.
KEIGHLEY: Steve Wood, 26B Cavendish Street, Keighley.
LEEDS: Direct Action Society. Contact Martin Watkins, 6 Ebberston Terrace, Leeds, 6.
SELBY. Contact Colin Beadle, c/o Oakwood Farm, Cliffe-cum-Lund, Selby, Yorkshire.
Regular activities, 'Freedom' sales.
SHEFFIELD: Dave Jeffries, c/o Students Union, Western Bank, Sheffield, 10.
YORK. Keith Nathan, Vanbrugh College, Heslington, York.

STUDENT GROUPS

ABERDEEN UNIVERSITY GROUP. C/o Ian and Peggy Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen, AB2 4SL.
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Matthew Robertson, Trinity
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY LIBERTARIAN/ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Chris Short, UWIST Union, Cathays Park, or Chas. Ball, UCC Union, College, or John Fullerton, Jesus College.
SUSSEX UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. John Byford, 26 Bedford Square, Brighton, Sussex. Meetings every second Thursday jointly with Brighton Group: bookstall every Monday outside Union.
YORK UNIVERSITY. Contact Nigel Wilson, Derwent College, University of York, Heslington, York.
EAST ANGLIA UNIVERSITY. Contact Dave Lomax, E.A.S. II, U.E.A., Norwich, NOR 88C.
LIBERTARIAN STUDENTS FEDERATION. Contact address: Keith Nathan, 138 Pennymead, Harlow.
LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact us at the bookstall in the Students Union Foyer every Friday lunchtime.
OXFORD ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Francis Casline, Pembroke College, or Steve Watts, Trinity College.
MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY. Contact Mike Don or Bill Jamieson, c/o University Union, Oxford Road, Manchester, 13.
SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY Revolutionary Anarchist Federation. Contact Student Union Bookstall lunchtimes on Tuesday and Friday.
LSE ANARCHIST GROUP. C/o Students' Union, LSE Houghton Street, W.C.2.
KINGSTON COLLEGE of Technology, Penhryn Road, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey. Contact G. Wright.
MANCHESTER COLLEGE of Commerce. Contact Kevin Hill, c/o Students' Union, College of Commerce, Aytoun Street, Manchester, 1.

WELSH FEDERATION

ABERYSTWYTH ANARCHISTS. Contact Steve Mills, 4 St. Michael's Place, Aberystwyth, Cardiganshire, N. Wales.
CARDIFF ANARCHIST GROUP. All correspondence to:—Pete Raymond, 18 Marion Street, Splott, Cardiff.
SWANSEA ANARCHIST GROUP. Contact Ian Bone, 22 Glanmor Road, Uplands, Swansea. Weekly meetings, 'Freedom' sales and action projects.
LLANELLI: Contact Dai Walker, 6 Lluvyuneady Road, Llanelli, Carm. Tel: Llanelli 2548.

SCOTTISH FEDERATION

All correspondence to Bobby Lynn, Secretary, 12 Ross Street, Glasgow, S.E.
ABERDEEN ANARCHIST GROUP. Bob Comrie, 288 Hardgate.
ABERDEEN FREEDOM GROUP. All those wishing to sell both national and Scottish editions of 'Freedom' contact Ian S. Sutherland, 8 Esslemont Avenue, Aberdeen.
GLASGOW ANARCHIST GROUP. Robert Lynn, 12 Ross Street, S.E.
EDINBURGH. Tony Hughes, Top Flat, 40 Angle Park Terrace, Edinburgh 11.
HAMILTON AND DISTRICT ANARCHIST GROUP. Robert Linton, 7a Station Road, New Stevenston, Motherwell.
FIFE. Bob and Una Turnbull, 39 Stratheden Park, Stratheden Hospital, By Cupar.
MONTROSE. Dave Coull, 3 Eskview Terrace, Ferryden, Montrose, Angus.
ROSS-SHIRE. Contact David Rodgers, Broomfield, Evanton, Ross-shire, Scotland.

NORTHERN IRELAND

BELFAST ANARCHIST GROUP. Meetings every Saturday, 2 p.m., 44a Upper Arthur Street (top floor). 'Freedom' sales.

SOUTHERN IRELAND

ALLIANCE OF LIBERTARIAN AND ANARCHIST GROUPS IN IRELAND. Contact P. Stephens, 39 Glasanson Road, Ballygall East, Dublin 11.

ABROAD

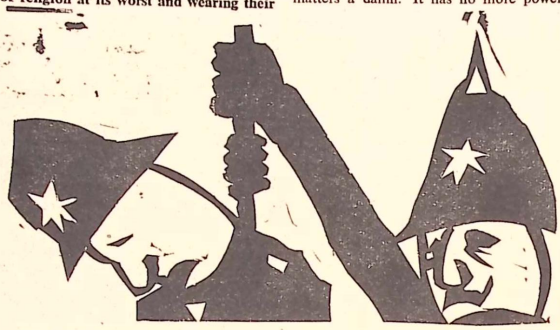
AUSTRALIA. Federation of Australian Anarchists, P.O Box A 389, Sydney South, NSW 2000. Phone No. 69-8095. Open discussion and literature sale in the Domain—Sunday, 2 p.m. Call at 59 Eveleigh Street, Redfern, NSW 2015 for personal discourse, tea and overnight accommodation.
BELGIUM. Groupe du journal Le Libertaire, 220 rue Vivegnis, Liège.
USA. James W. Cain, secretary, the Anarchist Committee of Correspondence, 323 Fourth Street, Cloquet, Minnesota 55720, USA.
TORONTO LIBERTARIAN - ANARCHIST GROUP, 217 Toryork Drive, Weston, Ontario, Canada. Weekly meetings. Read the 'Libertarian'.

PROPOSED GROUPS

NORTH DEVON. All those interested in forming a local group please contact Hugh Bensley, 'Boathyde'. Northam, Bideford, Devon.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC. Anyone interested in forming a Montreal area Anarchist group please contact Ron Sieler. Tel. 489-6432.
ASTON UNIVERSITY, Colleges of Art and Commerce. Anarchists and Libertarians wishing to form group please contact Malvern Hostick at 62 Wheeleys Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham 15.
VANCOUVER I.W.W. and Libertarian group. Box 512, Postal St 'A', Vancouver 1, B.C., Canada. Read 'The Rebel'—please send donation for postage.

Abolish the Police Force

THE ROTTENNESS OF THE CITIES in which we live is reflected in the street gangs and their idiotic warfare for domination over each other. Away from this ganging up for petty conquest, they may be decent fellows; as a gang they menace communities as insensible hoodlums; either (as in Glasgow) indicative of religion at its worst and wearing their



emblems of capital punishment round their necks (crosses, not Celtic or Rangers scarves) or on their lapels; or alternatively parading in more serious causes such as football or the slum they happen to find themselves. Have they their uses? Those who most condemn them find them useful enough for dead end jobs which nobody else will touch; or to be exploited by dance halls, billiard saloons or tailors.

However, these fellows are only amateurs. Even if they aspire to professional status, they never make more than the small-time. The professionals at the game of street domination are the police.

POLICE STATE

Everybody, including police spokesmen, deplore the idea of a 'police state'. What is a police state? Every state employs police. Without police to fill the repressive role (or the Armed Forces acting as police), no legislative assembly matters a damn. It has no more power than any other debating society. Its power is no more than that of a Scottish Parliament. No judge in his imitation hair wig would be taken any more seriously, denouncing real hair, than any other pantomime comic, if he did not have the police to back him.

Is a police state one that employs secret police? All states do, including our own; and our own secret police has (through Interpol) connections with those very countries where it is admitted the police force has no more significant a role than an armed conspiracy against the people (as pointed out in a recent bulletin of the Anarchist Black Cross); where we have no connections with Interpol, e.g. South African, Greek, Portuguese and Spanish police, they supply the information in defiance of the Official Secrets Act, as is generally known.

If a police state is one in which the political police harass and embarrass opponents of the regime, then Great Britain is one, it merely being conceded that the parliamentary opposition is part and parcel of the regime.

THE MAFIA

The growth of the Mafia, especially in the United States, forms an interesting parallel with the police force. Unlike our street gangs, 'Cosa Nostra' is equally professional with the police. If it runs protection rackets, it at least provides the protection it promises, if only from itself; and often from rival gangs, from politics and from the police. It has a 'useful' role and those who denounce it most loudly may avail themselves of it. It runs exactly like a police force, with extortions no more outrageous than those made by the state, since they are obviously consistent with profits, not to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs. Illegal bookmakers in the States prefer being under the Mafia umbrella, knowing they have their own beat, that others are kept off, and that they may exploit the public with impunity providing they pay for their 'protection'; it is better than the 'anarchy' of non-Mafia racecourses!

In England the Mafia has had less success. The Krays built up an empire of crime—being able to 'evade' the police clutches since not more than fifty thousand London East Enders knew of their activities—until they fell foul of the Mafia. At a certain demonstration outside the French Embassy in London, a demonstrator called out to the 200 police on guard that they might turn their attention to 'Esmeralda's Barn' opposite; he was chased all the way to the Achilles Statue—perhaps the police were desirous of learning more about the Krays five years before, who knows?

'YOUR POLICE ARE WONDERFUL'

There are, of course, historic reasons why the British police, being unarmed, are less obnoxious than many others. The bourgeoisie themselves have had reasons to fear a police state. It could equally be said, though rarely is, that English lawyers are the greediest and most selfish in the world (Scottish lawyers are merely the most incompetent). None of this, however, is an excuse for the retention of the police force as a force within society. It is true that constant persuasion by the Press has brought the great British public to the point where it would accept a Gestapo, provided it escorted old ladies courteously over the road to the gas-chamber, and registered the lost cats of concentration-camp victims.

The police are the professionals of conquest of power upon the streets. The amateurs who imitate them in the manner of street gangs are fools to themselves and to society. If there must be fighting upon the streets, let it be for the freedom of the people against all those who would dominate them including the police; a fight for freedom and against social conquest.

STUART CHRISTIE.

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING US

EVER HAD THAT funny feeling that you're being watched. Revolutionaries in Aberdeen had long had that feeling and a recent funny happening has strengthened our long held suspicions. The other week, a member of Aberdeen Solidarity group was at work when she had a phone call from the local press. At least the caller said he was the press. The 'reporter' mentioned a leaflet recently distributed by the group at a local paper mill and told her he would like some more information on the group with a view to doing a story. Aberdeen Solidarity group are not too happy about talking to our local rag, so she told the reporter she would check with other members and call him back. When she did call back, the local paper denied all knowledge of the call. A significant fact was that the mysterious reporter wanted to meet her **outside** the newspaper office. Surely, if it had been the press, they would have interviewed inside their office. The general consensus of revolutionary opinion is that this is the Economic League, a big business financed organisation which spies on militants and runs a most efficient blacklist service for employers. The League has in the past commented on the activities of Aberdeen revolutionaries in its 'Bulletin'.

About two years ago, a very similar call was received at work by the wife of an Aberdeen anarchist. This time, the caller said he was the Inland Revenue. The comrade concerned had recently moved to a new job, and the caller wanted to know where this was. If the Inland Revenue didn't know where he was working, then he must have been coughing up PAYE to someone else!

Information has been given to anarchists and Solidarists that substantial files on leading lights of both groups are held in the city police HQ at Lodge Walk. People being interviewed there have been shown pictures of certain comrades and have seen some of the files. Ex-police contacts have told of something like 600 names of Communists, CNDers, left-wing Scottish Nationalists, anarchists and others being on file. The police have been known to publicly ask people for information on political groups. The staff of a university newspaper were visited by an officer after they had run a story about a minute group of fascists who were operating in the university. Apart from asking details about the fascists (who, however unsavoury, had been doing nothing illegal), he requested the names of the paper's staff. When they declined and asked why their names were necessary to him, he replied, vaguely, that 'Aberdeen was a hot-bed of political unrest'. Maybe it is, but the police should stick to burglary.

A few years ago, a certain left-winger's telephone was continually bugged. A comrade with a great deal of experience of this down South cottoned on the minute he picked the thing up. Another call was made only a year or so ago to London, from a private phone, and that too was tapped. It may surprise the little gremlins in Bon-accord Street to know that some of us can tell a tapped phone a mile off. Reading this may make them feel a little less secure. That the tapping exists was later confirmed to a comrade by a friend at the local GPO.

Mail interference has taken place on a number of occasions. The most recent was a non-political letter from a friend in Fife to a member of Aberdeen SWF which was half opened on arrival. The Fife mail would appear to hold interest for the snoopers, since perhaps the most obvious case of it happened just before the October 27 Vietnam demo in London last year. A packet from Fife was received bearing an 'opened in error' label which is a favourite device for covering the traces when an opening job has been bungled. We sincerely hope the Special Branch enjoyed reading a book of poetry!

A more sinister aspect of the Aberdeen spy game has been the fact that we have now been informed that a Special Branch operative is stationed full time in this area.

Since, as far as we know, the KGB has no spies in the area, we assume he's after us. What he doesn't know is that we know who he is, where he comes from and where he lives. This priceless piece of information came to us by a very strange coincidence and if we ever receive the slightest trouble from these underground guardians of capitalist democracy we will end his little capers by publishing it which will delight his superiors, of course.

The moral for all left wingers in Aberdeen is clear. Don't give press interviews to any reporter not known to you. The Special Branch have been known to get bona fide press cards before now. Never conduct dodgy business via the mail or the telephone and keep your eyes peeled. If, on a demo or anything like that, you see them taking pictures of you, take pictures of them. The Scottish edition will be delighted to publish them.

PETER THE PAINTER.

Edinburgh: The Quiet Repression

I BEGIN WITH A PREDICTION that will probably be laughed off and dismissed as utter fantasy: that within the next three years Edinburgh, Scotland's capital city, will pass through an unprecedented political crisis and that it will become a flashpoint for revolutionary socialists in Scotland. I shall amuse you further by stating that one of the major agencies in this crisis will be a broadly based but highly organized group of militants whose groundswell of support will come from students, trade unionists, tenants' groups, writers, and particularly, the young.

The issue, or rather, the issues will come under one heading: Civil Rights.

And all this in a city which only last month conferred its freedom on Sir Alec Douglas Home—what freedom that it had left.

It will be a unique crisis, for Edinburgh is a unique city, perhaps the most outwardly unpolitical city in Britain. It has virtually no record of deep political strife, and to those who do not know it well, reveals only a facade of general bovine content, with an atmosphere of traditional political controversies having been reconciled and resolved long since.

An air of quietism prevails over what is a profoundly **bourgeois** city, governed by a class whose values and outlooks have not only remained free from serious challenge, but have in fact become accepted and internalized by a disproportionately large sector of middle class professional and executive workers. Edinburgh in fact, has the highest property rates outside London—an underscored indication of the life style which prevails in this city and the type of politics which inheres in it: **bourgeois** politics, tinged with pomposity and ceremonial: the politics of a display case—for that is what Edinburgh is.

It sports a facade of beautiful buildings and wide cobbled streets. It sports an annual International Festival. It sports the Headquarters of the Protestant church and one of the largest—and quietest—universities in Britain. And in 1971 it will sport the Commonwealth Games.

To an outsider, any talk of serious political upheaval must seem absurd. In the Red Clydeside era of the First World War the militants were not gaoled under maximum security, but sent to where their revolutionary appeals would fall on unheeding ears and their cries be whisped into oblivion—Edinburgh.

The irony is savage, and particularly so now, when Edinburgh has become, and in its characteristic way quietly, **the most repressive of cities.**

In recent years traditional rights and liberties have been steadily attacked and whittled away in the face of what has hitherto been an astonishingly apathetic and indifferent population. The apathy however, is both indifference and profound criticism. The quietism that has prevailed over the reactionary outbursts of the city prefects is not so much a consensus but a general resignation of politico-administrative affairs to a long established, unshaken and seemingly unshakeable executive.

Defe[illegible]city cabal are increasingly scarce—and silent. A nagging disquiet is growing amongst ordinary people about the political administration, its public performance, its unwritten but all pervasive values and sense of priorities.

For although Edinburgh corporation has been written off as a quaint, fuddy duddy administration which borders on the feudal, *it is in fact a most smooth and sophisticated politico-administrative* machine, where decisions are eased into effect without controversy or fuss. There are long-standing and strongly welded alliances of vested interests—financial and political—'an uneasy coexistence' to use a phrase of C. Wright Mills'—of political, economic, and administrative power.

Little wonder then, that allegations of political chicanery and downright graft are commonplace, particularly over the issue of the Commonwealth Games. The contracting firm to which the present Lord Provost belongs is believed to be doing well from the influx of work—and cash—that the building of swimming pools and sports stadiums must bring. Sprinkled through the higher echelons of the political machine are also members of the Miller family, who manage one of the biggest building firms in Britain. Miller himself has been both Lord Mayor of London as well as Provost of Edinburgh. The skylines of the city have been radically changed by homes that Miller's built—luxury flats to the south and Council blocks to the east—not quite so well built—as incidents of collapsing staircases and other defects go to prove. As one disillusioned Labour supporter put it: 'The Tory councillors keep their hands busy—one hand deep in somebody else's pocket and the other's scratching his back.'

But the erection of swimming pools and stadiums goes on while over a thousand in Edinburgh are homeless, or packed into the notorious Grassmarket hostels, some of which are not the charitable institutions they are often portrayed as, but profit-making concerns which accumulate wealth at one end from the accumulation of poverty and hopelessness at the other.

The decision to hold the Games in Edinburgh has been largely responsible for massive rent increases on the Council estates, an increase which led last summer to one of the largest and most militant tenants' demonstrations the city has known. Over 2,000 blocked the Royal Mile and practically besieged the Corporation buildings. This demonstration may well be the harbinger of greater things to come.

On another front, the Church still bars the way to genuine freedom in the arts, its hands well and truly round the throats of writers. Two examples will suffice of how this organised repression works in Edinburgh—both within the last year. A cinema near the city centre put on a film by Jean Luc Goddard. The people came, crowded the cinema, paid for their seats and settled down. No sooner were the lights dimmed than they were flashed back on again and the police supervised the clearing out of the cinema. The film had been deemed 'unfit for public showing' on the complaint of two councillors.

The second case is similar. A bookshop displaying Aubrey Beardsley paintings and drawings was the object of a sudden and unannounced police raid, and had the drawings seized. These—and other actions which have contributed to the growing blandness and inanity of the Edinburgh Festival, are thoroughly approved and supported by the now notorious Councillor Kidd, whose pronouncements on subjects from sex to students are so reactionary and neo-fascist as to be an amusement as well as a danger. He is quick to question and condemn the 'immorality' of films, books, plays, and clubs in Edinburgh, but needless to say the morality of the Polaris *submarines serviced eight miles away at Rosyth dockyard is never questioned. Councillor Kidd is King—but like the* one-eyed man *in the country of the blind.*

Few cities have experienced a closure of the political universe to the extent to which Edinburgh has. Its press was the first to be taken over in Britain by Roy Thomson, in the autumn of 1953. *The Scotsman* originally founded in 1816 as a radical paper, and edited by men who alone challenged Scots high Toryism and the Established Church, has now become subject and servant to the very forces it set out to destroy. The only difference with its rival the *Glasgow Herald* is its flirtation with the SNP. Other than that, Edinburgh's Press is bound hand and foot to the Establishment.

Nor is there—as yet—a Left Opposition worth the name; an ineffective, often unchallenging Labour group on the Corporation has long since been integrated, and a sort of ideological armistice prevails which has kept the decibels of political controversy and debate down to a minimum. If a community's political arena is measured by the degree to which autonomous opposition groups have access to the mass media and the levers of power, then Edinburgh's can hardly be bigger than the Traverse stage. Ironically, the new trend in urban sociological studies is to view community power as 'an ecology of games'. Any such analysis here would be peppered with cries of 'foul'.

What gives this otherwise gloomy picture hope is that a growing mood of disaffection seems to be setting in. The initiative will lie—in fact, must lie—with the radical socialist groupings and libertarian elements who must unite, organise themselves, articulate a programme and turn this disaffection into positive political consciousness. All this will not be easy, but there are indications that what is happening in Ulster now will have deep repercussions in Scotland. The issues must be brought out, their interrelations, and their origins in a reactionary Protestant conservatism which must be overthrown.

There are a number of reasons for the belief that Edinburgh is on the verge of a crisis of identity: there is vast potential for student activists and town workers to link up and explode the whole repressive farce of Edinburgh's government: to develop the rent struggle and the squatters campaign alongside a militant drive against the cultural repression that now grips this city.

The Left groupings, given unity, can turn what seems to be a remote political crisis into a real threat, or looking at it our way, a genuine promise.

April 1969

BILL JAMIESON

News from Suburbia

WHAT SENSE DOES a suburbanite make of life in the Welfare State? Recently I took part in a random survey of householders in an Outer London area. The object was to establish how much contact there is between the public and local government, how much they know about it, what use they made of the services for which it is responsible. Victims of interviews occasionally asked when they would hear the results, or, jokingly, was there a prize for the right answers. Most expected nil practical feedback from the authorities sponsoring the survey. As for the few wise ones who refused to let me impose on them an hour of damnfool questions, beneath the reactionary veneer of nervous evasions ('I don't know anything about politics', 'No, sorry, we've got the 'flu') and surly retorts ('What good will it do me?', 'I'm not concerned'), I detected more encouraging scepticism towards governing authority and a healthy distrust of official probing. Readers involved in anti-electoral or community projects may find something interesting in this rough digest of results.

INFLUENCING THEM

A dozen people were questioned on how they had tried to influence the local authorities. Three said they had never tried any of the twelve methods listed. Seven had gone to the Town Hall or County Hall, six had signed a petition, five had contacted an official in Whitehall or a government department. Two had contacted a local councillor or alderman, two the town clerk or clerk to the council, two an organisation or group and two a newspaper. The only person interviewed who had contacted an MP was also the sole respondent to have attended a council meeting and the only one to start up an organisation or group. One person admitted to going on a march or demonstration (while at college). Options nobody had exploited were contacting the mayor or chairman of a local council, organising a petition themselves, or 'anything else we haven't thought of'. No self-immolations.

ELECTING THEM

About three-quarters of those interviewed read their local newspaper fairly regularly. All of them knew the name of the local borough council but less than a fifth could name anybody on it and less than a tenth could name anybody on the GLC. Surprise of surprises, less than a fifth could name their own MP. Another fifth, mainly women, were unaware of the two-tier system of local government, believing their borough council to be a branch of the GLC and that both were identical in function. At local elections three out of twelve claimed they always voted, five that they usually voted and two never. At general elections nine always voted and two never. One lucky respondent was too young for the voting farce.

USING THEM

The questionnaire gave people a chance to say what they thought of the services provided by the authorities. Very few respondents were agreed on which authorities were responsible for what, out of the central government, the GLC and borough councils. Most replied with an assurance that matched their ignorance of faceless authority. Everybody knew how these bodies got their money; rates were a general grievance because of the small return for the outlay. Some were unaware that the GLC and borough councils received government assistance. Owner-occupiers resented paying rates for the council house sprawls surrounding them. These people tended to speak of areas as 'better class' while tenants usually resorted to euphemisms like 'nicer' or complained of housing lists where they would never reach the top. On the issue of education comprehensives were frequently referred to. Two sore points were the allocation of immigrant children to already over-large classes and the constant reversals of educational policy as local politicians scrambled in and out of office. Few people were impressed by town planning —'unco-ordinated'. Hospitals were too few and one had to wait too long for attention.

The welfare services played the largest part in most household memories and were regarded as a great help. Everyone was pleased with libraries and parks, significantly the two facilities least susceptible to bureaucratic incompetence and/or human failure. The burning issue was definitely highways and traffic control. The routeing of the GLC's 'D ring' road ('We were going to have a motorway through our back garden until a month ago') had prompted the sole recourse to an MP plus attendance at a council meeting plus the starting up of an organisation or group, already referred to. Lack of traffic lights, of speed restrictions and of zebra-crossings, or zebra-crossings dangerously sited, were regular complaints. Others were too many parking meters, too much noise and too little road upkeep. Here at least is a way in which the enforced outgrowth of London is making people aware of their environment and its effect on the quality of their lives. Not such a boon to commute between one box and another in a third on wheels. And lastly, for the record, a housewife's curse on the Gas Board. 'You can write this down. They're just a dopey apathetic couldn't-care-less rather stupid group of people who are just interested in getting money out of you.'

One of the simplest questions people found the hardest to answer emphatically either way: Did they want to know **more** about the activities and service provided by the GLC or did they feel they knew **enough?** As the most articulate householder said, 'It's very difficult for them. One really only wants to know at the time one is personally involved.' Actually nine agreed more, three thought they knew enough. What they wanted to know about were loans for mortgages (dried up), places on housing lists (piled up) and places for their children in local nurseries and playgroups (filled up).

NOWHERE PEOPLE

Allowance must be made for people's desire to make a good impression (we were carefully briefed on how to disguise the purpose and origins of the survey), and for failures of memory, not to mention the way in which the question always predetermines the answer. The general mood, however, seemed to drift between benign indifference to the above facts and issues and a scantily informed and tepid dissatisfaction. One gets quite used to 'hadn't-really-thought-about-it'. But what struck me most was that if **this** is the level of knowledge and participation among the most ordinary members of mass society, if this was really all they could taste of the shit around them, how in heaven can anyone assume a mass conscious desire for active control of life's conditions, let alone the ability to alter them? How can one presume the alternative, anarchism, will WORK, HERE, in this England, yes, IN YOUR, THE READER'S, LIFETIME? Not to forget that interviewing itself is another symptom of the breakdown in social life, the crippling separation of public and private concern, the twin sicknesses of retreat into political stage-managing and suburban acquiescence.

G. GLADSTONE.

Rolling Stone

Continued from page 6

doing something for privileged souls; nothing for empty stomachs.

The truth is that pop stars are not very different from most other people who make it under the capitalist system. They tend to do the predictable things, like buy Rolls Royces, houses in the stockbroker belt, hire chauffeurs and servants and variously treat themselves to those luxuries that are the prerogative of the monied few. John Lennon, however, claims to be hurt when people criticise him. What he in his slighted sensibility has failed to grasp is that it is very difficult for people to love a millionaire. He has, after all, made his bread by exploiting the labour of others and is generally spared the unpleasant realities that are their fate. Anything he says is thus said from a privileged position in a lush, plush self-indulgent limbo. If he really wants to get his integrity straight and become reintegrated with humanity, he might well take note of the example of Tolstoy. Predictably he would not take note of that ample.

This isn't meant to be an attack on pop. The marvellous futuristic forms of experience that musicians like Hendrix treat us to certainly do stimulate millennial yearnings in us; groups do responsibly take cognisance of political realities. But this is all they can do. Inevitably, they are art rather than action and beyond that point all is stimulation, or merely entertainment, and mainly for the delectation of the privileged populations of the Western countries, who are always as self-indulgent as they are idealistic. Pop is far too bound up in and controlled by capitalism, far too corrupted, confused, passive and, in the last analysis, powerless a thing for us to surrender our political future over to its ministration and, plugging ourselves in to the holy blissful media, wait in the cool blue electric twilight for the world to change as nice and automatically as the auto-changer changes the disc. When the music stops and we unplug we may find that, while a lot of money and noise have been made, the situation is just the same as before, probably even worse—the new Denmark Street Gestapo knocking on the door.

JOHN SNELLING.

YORGO—

HE APPEARED PROVIDENTIALLY, with that expression of his, of someone really good-hearted and slightly crazy. Under the merciless sun my Volkswagen had collapsed in a state of coma once again, in the most abandoned of abandoned lands, the South Peloponessus. He came out of the other exceptional car, Yorgo, and scarcely grunting 'hello' he started to connect and disconnect the wires of my car and poke into the mysteries of the paralysed motor with a surprising dedication.

The driver of the other car had stopped further on, and he waited, and the huge clouds of dust settled little by little. Yorgo turned his head back from time to time in the silence to give me some laconic, incomprehensible explanation.

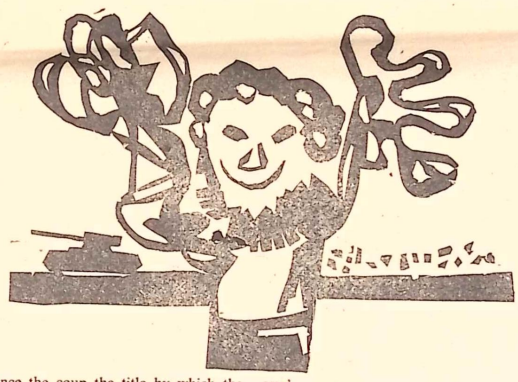
I call him Yorgo, which is the name of thousands and thousands of Greeks in these difficult times. Apart from the removal of anything which could lead to identification by the police, this story is absolutely true.

A month and a half has passed since then. One month and a half since that referendum by which they now pretend that the Greek people have already accepted the constitution project offered by the colonels. 'They will win it of course,' said Yorgo, 'because apart from the fact that all propaganda contrary to it is forbidden, and that they will change the votes in the ballot, the TEAHS* will take good care beforehand that all the votes read "Nai".'

'Nai' means yes, no is 'Ochi'. Until now 'Ochi' in Greek politics was a word with an official significance of glory. There was even a national holiday called 'The Day of Ochi'. This 'Ochi' was the 'No' of the Greek people to the Nazis in World War Two.

Today however the official word, the obligatory word, the word of thousands and thousands of signs and posters of all sizes scattered throughout Greece, the word written day in and day out in the newspapers, on the walls and on propaganda leaflets, the word which shines at night in huge neon letters on the tops of buildings and hills, the word which is taking substantial bites out of the Greeks national budget, is the word 'NAI'—the word 'Yes'.

The Teahs are a kind of mayor or headman of small villages. Formerly they were more or less chosen by the community. At present they are designated by the authorities. Since the coup d'etat the authorities have installed telephones in the houses of the Teahs, even in the remotest and most primitive villages, where there is no running water, no electricity or road. The Teahs are obliged to inform the authorities immediately and exactly of all political movements in the community, however trivial. They are also obliged to lead to the ballot any group which might be suspected of political dissension, and to make sure that their votes are not adverse, and if, in spite of everything, they are, to inform the authorities at once.



Since the coup the title by which the community describes the Teahs in daily conversation is 'O tromos tou choriou'—'The Terror of the Village'.

Having revived the motor from its coma, Yorgo got into my car to accompany me for a couple of kilometres to test his repairs. His friend was to follow behind our dust-cloud at a prudent distance.

'So you're Spanish, eh?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, Espana, Espana. I've got thousands of Spanish songs at home, in Piraeus. You must come and listen to them with me one day, when we return to Athens, okay?'

We understood each other through a sort of Esperanto mixture of Italian, English, Rumanian and Greek; also Triz, my 'travelling companion', speaks Greek very well—not like me.

'Songs of the Spanish resistance. A whole tape with the songs of the film "To Die in Madrid". What do you think of that?'

I laughed. 'I think it's great.'

He looked at me out of the corner of his eye.

'I'm communist. What do you think of that?'

I didn't laugh. 'I think that's very good, Yorgo.'

'Yes, I thought so. Some say that I'm crazy, but the thing is I never go wrong when I trust my first impressions. From the very first moment—bang—I know if the person is trustworthy or not. I never make mistakes, "katalaves". Do you understand?'

'Katalava.'

'And are you communist?'

'No.'

'What are you then?'

'Nothing. Socialist. Well—anarchist, more or less. A Sympathiser you might say.'

'Anarchist? Bravo—that's the same thing.'

'No, it's not the same.'

'Well, we'll discuss it later. For the moment let's just say it's the same. "Endaxi." Okay?'

'Endaxi.'

He gave us his address in Piraeus. Triz made a note of it, we would meet the following week.

'If I'm still free of course. They only released me a month ago—look!'

He placed in front of my eyes his thumb-nails, side by side. The nails were black shells, swollen and broken like bubbles of volcanic rock.

'And look here too, at the back of my head—from the kicks.'

'Bastards,' said Triz, 'sons of bitches.'

Yorgo laughed. 'Den birazi, den birazi,' he said, 'it doesn't matter. That's nothing. I was extremely lucky.'

Yorgo is thirty years old and is a chemical engineer. He has a big and powerful body, and black hair, a high forehead and limpid, blue eyes, with a splended nose, a Cretan moustache, thick and fierce.

When we were saying goodbye he said, 'Madrid. "To Die in Madrid." My father cries when he hears my songs from "To Die in Madrid", Sifi.' (Sifi is the Cretan dimunitive of Yusif, Joseph.)

'My father was wounded in the chest by a bullet in the Madrid front. He and my uncle, his twin brother, were there with the International Brigade. What do you think of that, Sifi?'

We went to see him in his house in Piraeus, when we returned to Athens. We saw each other quite often, and became very good friends.

We heard the songs from 'To Die in Madrid', and also the songs of Miki Theodorakis, the prohibited composer, and we drank sicoudia, the Cretan liqueur (also prohibited, traditionally, everywhere in Greece—outside Crete) in his pleasant and modest flat.

'It belongs to my father, this flat. I had another before near Ommonia*, but I had to give it up. And this—I don't know how long we'll be able to keep it, we've all lost our jobs since the bloody twenty-first of April.'

Onnonia is like the Puerta del Sol in Madrid. The twenty-first of April, another national holiday (!), was the day of the coup d'etat, last year.

'All of us—my father who was a journalist, my mother, who was a philosophy teacher, my uncle, my two sisters, myself—den birazi. Stiniyamas—to our health.'

None of them can find work in any part of Greece. Not only because they are all acknowledged communists, and cannot sign the 'dilousis', but, even worse, because they refuse to sign the official form of abjuration that the colonels offer.

Yorgo explained to us that the institution of the 'dilousis' was the sworn declaration that one is not a communist or anything approximate. It was put into use in 1936 by the then Prime Minister, Mr. Metaxa, member of a multi-millionaire dynasty, a firm making cognac. Made a general policy during the Nazi occupation of Greece, today it is once again obligatory, as part of all labour contracts. One must also sign it when buying houses, shops, cars, etc. If one has not signed it one may sign the abjuration form already cited. In practice this is not much help, however.

'And what do you live on now?'

'Well, from exiguous savings, from exiguous help from the Party, from exiguous hope, from clandestine jobs found at random for me by friends. I help a couple of colleagues in the labs once in a while. For another friend I write articles on chemistry, which he publishes in his name. In the afternoons I work as a street photographer with a camera which I have from the old times.'

He shows me three fat treatises on chemistry published in his name in the old times.

'I was even making a name for myself—the coup aborted the publication of the fourth volume. Look, the proofs were already completed.'

The gravest loss to Yorgo was that of his wife.

'She made the mistake of staying in the flat when they began to look for me. We had only been living together for four months.' They began to look for Yorgo, not because they discovered he was a communist, which they had already known for a long time, but because they discovered, or believed they had discovered, that he was a member of the PM. A comrade of his ended up by giving his name away under torture.

The two principal underground organisations are the PM and the PAK. The PM (Pastriotiko Metopo) is fundamentally communist. The PAK is for a more moderate kind of socialism. The goals of these two parties are basically the same, and there is hope of unification. At the moment it seems that the PM functions better. It runs the only efficient system of printing and distributing posters and pamphlets against the regime.

It is organised in 'cells', in which each member knows no more than the identity of three or four comrades. The police have never been able to extract much from the few captures they have made. Yorgo got wind immediately that his comrade had given him away. He hid himself for a couple of weeks in friends' houses. But the police arrested his wife. When he heard this Yorgo went and gave himself up. It was too late. His wife, as result of torture, had lost her reason. She is in a military prison hospital, unable to recognise anyone, even Yorgo.

Yorgo was tortured, with the usual methods, smashing of the thumb-nails, burning on the chest and the nipples with cigarette ends, and, above all, the 'falanga'.

The 'falanga' consists of tying the victim face downwards on a table and beating him on the bare soles of the feet for about three hours without interruption, then he is forced to walk around the room, while the guards kick and beat him all over. Women are rarely beaten in this way, but are burnt with cigarette ends.

Electro-shocks, insomnia and injections are also used. Interrogations are carried on by trained psychiatrists, who have received the diplomas in the United States.

*Pronounced phonetically TEH – AH (Translator's note).

*Like Piccadilly in London (Translator's note).

THE GREEK

After two months or so they took him for impossible. They cured the most visible wounds, fed him properly for a few days, and let him out into the street, with the obligation of appearing at the local police station every three days.

'Tell me if I can help you in any way, Yorgo,' I said to him.

He looked at me for a few seconds with a slightly abstracted air.

'I'll tell you how you can help me and how I want you to help me. Tell my story when you have left Greece, write it if you can, above all, tell all I have told you about the police systems, about our underground fight, about the tortures. Not even here in Greece do the people take these things seriously, Sifi. Not a single one of all those "malakas" in Kolonaki has any idea of what really happens between the opposition and the repression.'

'Malakas' means 'masturbator', which is about the worst insult in the Greek language. Kolonaki Square* is like Serrano Street.

'And outside Greece they know even less of course, to judge from the chronicles which generally are sent to the newspapers and radios by the foreign reporters and correspondents in Greece. Their intention may be good most of the time, but . . .'

But they are all assiduously watched over by the Secret Police, who do not let them out of their sight for a minute, especially when they approach people in the street (in the poorer districts above all) with the intention of seeking out the opinion of the anonymous citizen, etc.

Everyone knows very well the danger involved in speaking freely in the street when approached by a stranger with the air of someone who is 'seeking out opinions', and that always among the curious who surround the street reporter there are members of the Secret Police. The very broadcasts in Greek by the anti-fascist radio stations outside Greece are full of inexactitudes in their reports on the real state of affairs.

FOREIGN BROADCASTS

A good number of Greeks do not listen nowadays to much else but foreign broadcasts, either in Greek or other languages. There are plenty of transmissions in Greek from abroad (ten daily from Russia and three from London, for example), but they all suffer from two important faults. First, the excess of news without general interest about their respective colonies of Greek exiles, and second, the lack of news about the *general* situation in Greece and about the joint activities of the exiles and the internal opposition.

'We need very much—really very much, to have not only a major co-ordination between those transmissions, but also the creation of new broadcasts, general ones let us say, the most general possible, and the most frequent possible. They are our daily bread, Sifi, those transmissions. It's not strange that we should need them to improve as much as possible in quality and quantity.'

Yorgo's family is already a dynasty of three generations of the persecuted.

'Look, Sifi, do you like this ikon? I painted it.'

A Byzantine virgin, quite expressionist, with her divine child in her lap—with his left fist held high!

'I paint a little too. But look.'

He unscrews some small screws from the side, removes the ikon and reveals beneath it an old photo in which there is a group of armed guerillas with big moustaches, formed against a mountainous landscape in the shape of a small pyramid whose centre and apex consists of the arrogant and handsome figure of a gigantic patriarch in Cretan costume (high boots, black shirt buttoned to the top, black tasselled headwear) with a white moustache, the most bristly of the whole group.

Yorgo smiled like a child showing the spectacles he stole from the teacher. Above the group, suspended like a ferocious star in the middle of the sky is the face of Stalin.

'You like it?'

'Yes. Well, I would prefer the star to be Mao, for example.'

'It's the same.'

'No.'

'Yes. The person in the centre is my grandfather. General . . . of the Partisans of course. The Nazi Greeks hunted him. They shot him in the church in front of me. In front of my grandmother, and my mother, and in front of me. I was about four years old, and he was older than seventy. He laughed at the sound of the shot, my grandfather, as if it were a joke, the shot. His mouth smiled, I mean, when his brains were blown out of the other side of his face. He died smiling, my grandfather.'

At the end of the war the authorities decorated him posthumously. Later the same authorities hunted the father and uncle of Yorgo and put them in goal for more than fifteen years, until the Papandreou administration.

'Organisation, organisation. One has to admit how well they are organised and how badly we are organised, the Left. It's the same in your country, Sifi—the everlasting son. Who were the only ones who knew how to organise themselves in your country against the Fascists, Sifi? Look, Sifi, we have discussed and will discuss a lot about our differences of opinion, but you must admit me one thing. Of course I consider it bestial what has happened in Czechoslovakia, as so many other things have been bestial, but are we going to throw away the only weapons we have, Sifi, because once in a while the bullet fired might come out crooked and kill a child? It's the only weapon we have, Sifi, against all their weapons! Of course efficiency is not the only thing, but a minimum of efficiency is indispensible, and for the moment the only source of efficiency is there, in Moscow. That organisation of theirs has an enormous backing of centuries of power, and ourselves? Give me a single organisation which functions properly that is not the Party, Sifi, and then I shall choose. But what choice is there? What do they do that's efficient, what concrete results do all your anarchists and your socialists and your liberals count for in Spain, in Greece, all those masses of defeatist and indolent dilettantes, castrated by the family and religion? The first thing is to fight, Sifi, and then later we will study problems of conscience. But while the enemy is already squashing you the first thing is to fight. And against an organised enemy there is no fight possible without an internal organisation. Alithia i psemata, Sifi—true or false?'

POLICED BY SYSTEM

The system of the Greek police spies is vast and dense, and filters efficiently into the whole social hierarchy, above all into factories, schools and universities. The least watched areas, in contrast, although it may seem strange at first sight, are the suburbs of the big cities, and the villages. The reason is the small-town atmosphere and the universal gossip, which is practically identical in both places and makes any personal secret practically impossible. Normally by maintaining the loyal 'Teah' in each village, and a couple of spies in each poor district of the big cities, the secret lives of the citizens fall into the hands of the authorities like ripe fruit. Paradoxically, however, it is in the suburbs of Athens and Salonika that it is easiest to maintain and keep functioning the underground printing offices.

Suburbs and villages, on the other hand, are special focal points of attention for the political or psuedo-political propaganda of the colonels. Above all in the form of open-air signs. On all the roads and streets of Greece there are thousands of crossings and of entrances/exits from villages, which have never even had a badly painted sign post. But now, in the last year, the colonels have erected signs by the dozen at all these crossings and entrances to villages. Not one of these gives any useful geographic data to the exasperated traveller. Instead they all say, 'Long live the Army, the Twenty-First of April, Hellenic and Christian Greece, the Popular (sic) Revolution', and other things equally worthy of commemoration.

There are other more specialised forms of propaganda too. It is worth mentioning the political persuasion, dissuasion and 'rehabilitation' that goes on in the army barracks, in the prisons, in the prison hospitals, etc.

Already in the recruiting office they oblige the recruits to swear to be loyal to the present government, especially when dealing with university graduates, an attitude which is forcibly maintained throughout with the aid of beatings and bad treatment. Teams of 'intellectuals' specially trained in these indoctrination procedures work zealously among the dissident citizens, who, once having gone through the normal prison experience, are 'sheltered' by the state in other communities under its custody, such as the prison hospitals, populated above all by the tortured, more or less regarded as innocent, whose period of confinement depends upon the duration and gravity of the wounds they received under torture, or the 'Dioniso Battalion' under the charge of the ESA or Military Police (the most brutal), under the orders of the brother of Prime Minister Papadopoulo, where they keep individuals regarded as particularly dangerous, or other special brigades of forced labourers (daily work schedule: 6 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.). These brigades are composed mainly of communists. Each member is moved to another camp every month in order to avoid the formation of dangerous groups or friendships. Then there are the penal inslands of Yaros and Leros (the list does not pretend to be exhaustive), inhabited by old recalcitrant communists who refuse to sign the abjuration.

When the day came for me to leave Athens, my old Volkswagen once again was functioning reasonably well. Yorgo had taken me a couple of times to a workshop belonging to some friends, to consolidate and complete the provisional arrangements he had made the day of our first encounter.

'Kali pedia, Sifi, good boys. Members of the Party of course.'

They fixed practically gratis and in only a couple of sessions a series of mechanical breakdowns progressively more serious, and which had come to seem chronic, after several grand failures to fix them, costing me a small fortune every time, by important branches of Volkswagen—including that of Athens. I was intensely grateful and racked my brains to find a way to give him a hand in the dog's life he has to lead.

'How could I help you, Yorgo? If we look for a way of getting you out of the country?'

'I have already told you how you must help me, Sifi, by writing about all this from outside. Without giving my name of course, if you can help it. And as for smuggling me out of the country. . . .'

It looked as though he was going to avoid the subject once again.

'Look, Sifi, these people are still half asleep. As an individual the Greek is generally courageous and proud, but as a collectivity they are still bloody helpless. Apathetic, indifferent, gregarious, petty-minded, childishly infatuated and chauvinistic and conformist on account of the poverty of spirit, misguidedly loyal to all the commonplaces about the country, but not really patriotic, demagogic but not political, with no healthy will when faced with the traditional institutions, inert in front of power. . . .'

'Well, Yorgo, you're the first Greek I've heard make a harsh criticism of your own people.'

'All right, that's proof enough that my criticism is valid, isn't it? You see, not even the industrial workers as a whole have a true class consciousness, not even the intellectuals. . . . Asleep, as I told you, Sifi. No—half asleep only now, with the shock of the bloody coup still fresh. I believe in it, Sifi, I believe in these people. I believe after all that they are a virile people. I believe it possible to make the revolution with them. But only on condition that they aren't allowed to fall asleep again. And it turns out that those of us who realise all this, who can and should act as the awakeners of these people, are very few unfortunately. And when a country has the sleeping sickness, no one can wake it up from the other side of the frontier. . . .'

No, this time he had not avoided the subject at all.

'Katalaves, Sifi?'

'Katalava, Yorgo.'

For a few moments he looked down at his feet. It was my last afternoon in Athens. We were in a small peaceful restaurant, beneath a grape arbour near the Acropolis, in front of the rocky cone of Mount Lycabytos, with its hermitage at the very top, the eye of the city, against a sky already streaked with sunset.

He had invited me, as usual. He always became furious, like all Greeks, the few times I managed to pay before he did. We took a few sips of our ouzo in the silence. At the top of Lycabytos three enormous blue neon letters lit up against the streaky sky: NAI—'yes'.

Yorgo looked up. He muttered from underneath his bushy moustache, 'The exile is the romantic, Sifi. The efficient is to remain.'

. . . I think that with that I have told almost everything I know of you and from you, Yorgaki. I don't know if the story has turned out as faithful to reality as I would like. If some day we can see each other again or cummunicate in some way, you will correct me. I hope you remain for a long time alive and whole at least, Yorgaki.

JOSE MARTIN-ARTAJO.
Translated from Spanish.

For reasons of space we have had to abridge this translation slightly.

*Like Belgravia, in London (Translator's note).

'COMRADE O COMRADE'

ON GOETHE AND WHITMAN by J. A. Hoffman, 2/-. 2 Hillside, Mushroom Fields, Kingston, Nr. Lewes, Sussex.
ART AND REVOLUTION by John Berger, 30/-. Weidenfeld & Nicolson.
PLANET NEWS by Allen Ginsberg, 17/6. City Lights Books.
ANKOR WAT by Allen Ginsberg, 25/-. Fulcrum Press.
THUNDERBOLTS OF PEACE AND LIBERATION. ? 11 Clematis Street, Blackburn, Lancs.
CALIBAN. ? Winchester College.
INHERITED, ed. by Pete Hoida, 5/-, 4 issues. 88 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.
POETSDOOS 7, ed. by Jasper Bracket. ? 16 Lower Dagnall Street, St. Albans, Herts.
BRIGHTON HEAD & FREAK MAG, ed. ? ? Enquire Freedom Bookshop.
THE BEAUTIFUL ATLAS by Lee Harwood, 12/6. 8 Norfolk Terrace, Brighton.

EACH GENERATION has a right and a duty to reappraise the values of the past. The individual, the action, the culture and the social and religious philosophies of the dead years must always be re-examined in the light of our own experiences and with the knowledge that we in our turn must be so judged. Men and women have sacrificed their lives in defence of ideas and ideals, that though valid at a particular point in history, now serve no other function than that of providing the State or the Party with an abstract justification for their concrete authority. We defend the indefensible for no other reason than that it is incorporated within the canons of our group loyalties and we attempt to rationalise statements of a dead hand and a tired pen as part of a sympathetic defensive action against the arrogance of the popular intellectual climate of the unrewarding hour.

J. A. Hoffman, in his essay on Walt Whitman, 'the vulgar bourgeois *"poet"*,' roars into battle with his guns firing on everything in sight and what should have been bloody murder ends up as slapstick comedy for, as Donald Hall wrote in his introduction to the 1967 selection of Whitman's verse, 'a history of American poetry could be written as a series of reactions to Walt Whitman'.

Whitman in the mass is a bore who gave the developing American nations a sense of chauvinistic belongingness to their sprawling continent. His rambling river of sentimental sludge may read like an unhappy marriage of Babbit's Baedeker and an American seed catalogue, but he fulfilled a needed purpose for his time in that he gave a unifying incantation for the city clubman and the small town schoolteacher. He spoke for the Americans who no longer looked to the distant horizon but to the well-stocked larder and who were now conscious of their own history and the glow of satisfaction that comes to the inheritors of all revolutionary struggles when it does not affect the daily routine of their own comfortable living.

But Hoffman is grossly unfair in his treatment of Whitman for he flays Whitman when his angry essay is specifically directed to the American intellectuals who, he claims, have 'worshipped and idolised' Whitman for, writes Hoffman, 'Whitman, as we need hardly remind you, has long been one of the literary heroes of the intellectuals in the revisionist Communist Party in your country where he has been thought of, in the words of the US revisionist S. Sillen, as the poet of "democracy".'

Whitman could make the same querulous complaint that Marx made, that he could not be responsible for the antics of his followers or admirers. If Whitman, or any man, must be judged, it must be by his own standards and within his own period, but Hoffman has gone almost line by line through the whole body of Whitman's work to prove with unrelated phrases or a few lines from this sprawling junkyard of blank verse that Whitman was a rabid reactionary and meat for the literary political firing squad.

By Hoffman's method of judgement no man could be judged clean for the critic of the day writes from hindsight. Whitman, like the South African Campbell, was a poet, and let us judge them accordingly. We may detest or reject their opinions but never let us reject them as artists, for if we do, then we must stand condemned with them for participating in our own intellectual castration. The most dangerous part of Hoffman's essay is when he writes that 'Whitman's political conservatism is manifest not only in the reactionary content of his verse, but in his abandonment of the flowing melody and rhythms that progressive writers of all periods have used', etc. Here speaks the voice of Truman and of Khrushchev.

John Berger also writes as a Marxist and his book *Art and Revolution* is centred on the sculptor Ernst Neizvestny. Neizvestny is a man of great talent who has always refused to follow the official committee dictums. A natural rebel whose work is monumental in feeling though slightly jaded to Western eyes with its echoes of Moore and Epstein. His sculpture lacks Moore's universal and transcendental serenity or Epstein's primeval humanity, but for all that, in a world of bleak academicalism, Neizvestny refuses to conform and, though denied public expressions of his work and forced to use the black market for his materials, he has established his artistic reputation within and without Russia as a gifted man of personal courage.

John Berger writes that, 'Today the hero is ideally the man who resists without being killed' and in a world of ever-enlarging bureaucratic prisons Berger could be right, but I find that Hoffman, with his attack on the liberty of the artist to use whatever means suits his need for expression, and Berger, with his defence of the right of the artist to express himself, appear to have come full circle when Berger writes that 'The possible modern media for propaganda are the film . . . the song, and declamatory poetry' and, when Berger praises Vasnetsov's painting of 'The Warriors', one feels that he is the victim of the intellectuals' dilemma. Actively involved in the creation of works of art, he despises the bourgeois for demanding a standardised ready-made yet, caught in the historical flow of revolutionary discontent, he feels that he must come to terms with the instruments of propaganda, be they good, bad or indifferent.

One knows that Allen Ginsberg is now descending those slippery steps to public acceptance and this poet of the manufactured emotive image of the hour can rightly take his place with Whitman in the American pantheon but one must dismiss his latest *Planet News* and *Ankor Wat* as acceptable fodder for unborn generations of American schoolchildren to yawn through.

Dave Cunliffe and Tina Morris's *Thunderbolts of Peace and Liberation* is a proud vehicle of established poets but I find that page after page reads as from a common pen. This is the fashionable poetry of faceless men, a rosary of tinted phrases cut into page lengths. Cunliffe was a magnificent committed poet who, I believe, wasted much of his gift in an aesthetic soul-searching cul-de-sac.

In *Caliban* he has one poem that is evocative of the beauty and humanity of his early work, in that it haunts the mind when the book is closed. Always it seems that the well-produced book is the grave of poetry.

One reads Hoida's *inherited* for the pleasure of Horovitz's raucous lines for here is a man who would turn a wake into a wedding. *Brighton Head*, for the courage of the anarchist old guard in producing an underground poetry magazine worthy of your attention. *The Beautiful Atlas* for Ted Kavanaugh's magnificent layout and Lee Harwood's poetry, a selection from his major work to be published by Fulcrum Press. They have a tenderness that never becomes sentimental and an understanding and a feeling for internal rhythms that Hoffman should do well to note. These are the little magazines unsullied by major distribution. From stencils onto cheap paper, they are truly the lords of literature for they enrich our culture and our understanding for the price of a handful of coppers and we surely owe them a debt when *Poetsdoos* of their time and labour, and without mention of costs, can offer us the sad beauty of Paul Potts' *Courting Couple.*

When your breasts were asking
for my hands
Were your dreams asking for
my dreams?
And were your children asking
to be mine?
And was your old age asking
for my old age?

ARTHUR M

WILDCAT STRIKES AND WORKERS' AUTONOMY

THE POLITICAL PARTIES and their trade union allies, who play with the idea of being the successors of De Gaulle, have need of support from the base. So they try to make use of the spirit of the 'May Movement', and at the same time their propaganda warns us that 'the gravity of the situation' hardens the power of the ruling class. In this way they try to gain from both ends, aiming to recapture the support they lost last May in order to canalise it into political objectives for their own benefit, and thus increase their power within the structure of capitalism.

This kind of exploitation of the workers' struggles, even though it is not new, is favoured not so much by the combativity that the workers have shown since May, as by the exaggerated conclusions that the extreme left groups draw from these struggles. The smallest struggle is the pretext for an unbounded glorification of 'revolutionary perspectives'. As example of the result of such action can be seen in the slogans of a group such as 'Lutte Ouvrière' (similar to IS), which, during the March 11 strike, called for unreserved support of the actions of the central trade union organisations, adding that it is 'the uncompromisingness of the bosses and the government that has forced them to organise a centralised strike on March 11'.

CLASS STRUGGLE

The class struggle in France has taken a new turn, but not in the sense that is usually given: it isn't entirely new, and the real struggle is taking place outside of the movements organised by the trade unions, and is not affected by the exaggerations of the extreme left. There had already been cases of the workers outflanking the trade unions, but in the end this merely succeeded in weakening the movement. However, a process of autonomous workers' struggles was evolving. The events of May 1968 were only the expression of a latent situation that had been developing for some years, coupled with the rapid modernisation of French capitalism.

THE STRUGGLE INCREASES

Since May there has been a marked increase in such struggles. The bosses are not mistaken. Speaking of the Le Mans Renault strike, *Les Echos*, the bosses' daily, said, 'The wild-cat strike at Le Mans may stop the assembly lines at Billancourt,' and added, 'The unions CGT, CFDT and FO were in agreement, in principle, with the administration . . . but the strikers, who had stopped work without union instructions, refused to go back.'

The essential point is that the workers in a certain limited sector of the enterprise were only concerned with their own particular conditions of work. The response was 100% because unity is created by the bosses themselves across the structure of the capitalist enterprise, and on this level the professional, hierarchical trade union divisions no longer exist. This creates a unity in the struggle, although no one speaks of unity.

The strikers do not care about the consequences of their struggle, except that it hurts the bosses. They don't give a damn for the doleful preoccupations of the trade union bureaucrats with customers, exports, and the national interest. They guard all freedom of action, judgement and decisions regarding the agreements that the trade union bureaucrats and the bosses may arrive at; they know whether they are satisfied or not.

This is also the character of wild-cat strikes in the Netherlands, Britain and the USA. The organisation of capitalist production in France precipitates the evolution of the class struggle. In the modern enterprise the quest for maximum profits means that production is meticulously organised in a continuous chain, without any wasted time or unused equipment; that is to say that all the operations are connected in order to attain the maximum efficiency. This is favourable for the unification of demands and struggles on the shop-floor level, or by small groups doing exactly the same work, and for the maximum disruption at a certain level, which affects the whole enterprise.

In the conflicts that arise from such actions, a trade union which is concerned with conditions of work in a general form, *finds itself, because of the way the modern enterprise functions, on the side of* the bosses against the workers who are only acting to defend themselves at the most concrete level at which they are exploited.

WORLD CAPITALISM

Several wild-cat strikes fit into this pattern. Others will no doubt occur. Some people would like to see, in these strikes, a generalising of the workers' struggle, and a radical transformation of the labour movement. If the events of last May were a revelation and precipitated an evolutionary process, they haven't radically changed the context of the struggle: French capitalism still exists and is continuing to evolve; it is only a part of world capitalism, of the Western or Eastern variety, which evolves towards a total concentration in the shape of state capitalism.

For several years wild-cat strikes have taken place within the structure of British capitalism, taking on characteristics according to the evolving national and world situation. In France the trade unions are not yet in the same position as their British counterparts; they can still use the workers' struggles to reinforce their own power by political manoeuvres. The March 11 strike was an example of this kind of exploitation of the workers' struggles.

Certain sudden strikes that cannot be classified as wild-cat, may be manipulated by the trade unions. Gaullism is burdened with politicians who are fishing about within a system in which the workers must suffer: in Britain, for example, the Conservatives have made way for those who are much more adept at dominating the workers. It is possible that such a labour movement, comprised of trade unions and left parties, will, in France, attempt to make a change that combines both their support for capitalism, within a state capitalist structure, and their international privileges with the USA, UK and USSR.

This is only economic and social evolution paralleled with the growth of an autonomous workers' movement which will be favourable to the development of such a 'left' political movement posing as the saviour of traditional capitalism. The leftists, from the Leninists to the anarcho-syndicalists to the militants of the action committees, with their elitist notions, pounce upon strikes that they see as links in a world revolutionary chain.

Thus some strikes can give the illusion of not being controlled by the trade unions, because they have been controlled by a few militants. The intervention of *the small left groups, like that of the trade unions* and the left parties, plays a role in the evolution of an autonomous workers' struggle.

In Britain, for example, the political groups have tried to regroup industrial militants into permanent committees to create, around the wild-cat strikes, a revolutionary movement. All these attempts have fallen through. This does not prevent these same organisations from continuing to recite the same old catechism. At the first stage of development of wild-cat strikes, these efforts of the left groups and the trade unions, succeed, objectively, in breaking the ring of silence, in spreading information, in enabling militants in different factories to make contact, in instigating meetings of workers in the same enterprise, and in giving them an awareness of political ideas. They are thus led to surpass the level of their own struggle, and at the same time render themselves more distrustful of regimentation.

AUTONOMY

It isn't certain what all these bureaucratic organisations want. If the workers are led to struggle inside the enterprise, against the total bureaucratisation of work and life, they are naturally led to struggle against the trade unions which participate in this bureaucratisation, and through these struggles to become aware of what is a bureaucracy and what is workers' control. In these conditions they make the same criticisms of all types of bureaucratic organisations which try to involve themselves in their struggles in order to use them.

One can say that a struggle is autonomous when the workers decide everything from beginning to end: the demands, the form the struggle will take, etc. But in reality things are different. It isn't because the workers are conscious of these necessities that they carry on an autonomous struggle. They struggle not against the trade unions, but outside of them, because they seem irrelevant. At the moment the bosses, the government, and the trade union bureaucracy reply with one voice. The very mechanics of capitalist production are against the workers in their struggles concerning their working conditions.

NO IMMEDIATE CHANGE

We must not believe that the rise of wild-cat strikes entails an immediate change in 'working-class consciousness'. As the autonomous struggles emerge slowly from the confrontation with the trade unions, the political parties and the left groups, so the workers' common attitudes towards these structures and those of the capitalist enterprise itself, only evolve in the course of these confrontations and the objective consequences of wild-cat strikes on the level of the whole society.

All these conditions only express a general situation in which all the factors play upon one another, leading to consequent changes, which create in their turn new reactions. Thus the class struggle develops by the slow progress of a 'dialectic' marked by revolutionary explosions, which reveal to everyone what was hidden under outdated institutions. The workers digest their experience of production, of the social structures, and their own consciousness which develops with the transformations of capitalist society, and the objective consequences of their struggle within this same society; step by step approaching the realisation of a new world in which their participation will be total, not only at work, but in their whole lives.

Trans. B.B.

from *Informations-Correspondance Ouvrières.*

THE ROCK MACHINE HAS YOU ON

ROLLING STONE, the American rock and roll paper, recently put out a supplement on the active Leftist scene in the States under the title, *American Revolution 1969*. This was a good thing, mainly campus orientated but containing articles on other subjects, notably an excellent one on Black Power. The finale was a piece headed, *Perspectives: Is there a Death Wish in US?* by jazz critic Ralph J. Gleason (notice how jazz critics are political these days). This was basically quietist, ranging widely across the whole spectrum and rejecting as it went violence ('You better figure out how to make a revolution without killing people'), militancy ('Nothing I have read by the SDS and the rest is as relevant as Allen Ginsberg's poems'), even politics itself ('Politics has failed'), but eventually finding affirmation in a great invocation of the messianic power of pop—'He (Dylan) and the Beatles started something that is beyond politics, past the programmes of the planners and out there in McLuhanland changing the heads of the world.'

Big words, very hip, and certainly descriptive of ideas that are gaining great currency. In view of their large implications, however, neither Gleason, nor any of his fellow spirits, have given them the kind of analysis they need.

If you accept that pop music is art—and surely no one is square enough to suggest it isn't—then basically the argument is that art has the power to alter events, change history. This is an old one and you could compose compendious lists of instances with which to test it, e.g.: What effect did *Guernica* have on the Spanish Civil War?; Did *1984* halt the spread of world communism?; Will the work of the Muckrakers bring about the overthrow of the capitalist system in the USA?; Has all the avalanche of art on the Vietnam theme shortened that particular war by a day?—and so on. Perhaps, in some cases, works of art have an effect. It is said the Upton Sinclair's books did awaken American public opinion to the conditions in the Chicago stockyards and reforms were made. But this, and others like it, are small and localised instances. Where the subject under attack has been really big—like capitalism, or a particular war, or war in general—then there is not, to the best of my knowledge, one instance of a work of art affecting events in any radical way at all. Indeed, the larger proportion of the serious art of the twentieth century is either directly or indirectly concerned with criticising with a greater or lesser degree of severity the evils, idiocies and inadequacies of the political environment, and yet we are still inexorably one-dimensional, still suppressed, repressed and depressed, and the world as war and want torn as ever.

As a form of art, pop is well integrated into the capitalist economy. Many energetic social scientists have exposed for us the machinations of the big corporations but none, as far as I know, have done the same with the music industry and its ancilliary interests. Are we to take it that firms like CBS, Decca, EMI, and the others are idealistic foundations dedicated to the dissemination of subversive ideas and the overthrow of the capitalist system? Quite the opposite: they are normal type capitalist concerns run on normal type capitalist lines. It is therefore highly suspicious to those of us who patronise them that they put out the kinds of product they do. It used to be said of the *Mirror*, when some innocent pointed to it as an example of a successful Labour paper, that it was in fact Tory controlled, the Tory proprietors arguing that if there has to be such a thing as a Labour paper then *they* would own it. So with acid rock, love rock, liberatory rock, obscenity rock, revolutionary rock—are the capitalists saying that if there must be these things—and easy fortunes to be made from exploiting them—then they will own them? Capitalists aren't usually conspicuous for their gullibility; quite the opposite. If they seem to think that the music that Gleason finds so potentially revolutionary is really basically innocuous then this is probably a pretty shrewd evaluation of the position. Furthermore, they control it. One wonders how they exercise this control. Do they suppress really subversive groups, and censor songs as the old Blue Blues were censored? Do they subtly shape the music to serve their own ends? A good and thorough investigation would be of interest but I suppose that papers like *Rolling Stone*, who probably depend for a lot of their profit on the advertising revenue they draw from the music industry, would be reluctant to bite that particular hand by giving us one.

If the art itself is suspect, what about the artists? In pop the attention accorded to them vies with that accorded to their music. We must have listened to the thoughts of John Lennon, and to accounts of his various activities and so forth, as much as we have listened to the Beatles in song. Are they the new messiahs, the new political mentors? Gleason asks: 'What is Dylan doing up in Woodstock?' implying: 'Changing the heads of the world.' But we can be more precise. He isn't fighting a guerilla war in the jungles of the Third World; he isn't laying plans to blow up the Pentagon; he isn't organising relief in Biafra; he isn't even sending supplies of free stereo equipment to the underdeveloped countries to change the heads there—and surely he has the cash and freedom to do at least a little of things like this. No, he is in fact producing well-crafted and poetic works of art expressive of the state of the soul of man in the twentieth century, works that will affect the consciences of the affluent youth of the West to some extent, but also entertain them, and give them something to believe in. He will, in short, be

Continued on page 4

PARADISE REGAINED

THE LONDON COMMUNE of the Streets was formed out of the occupation of the Bell Hotel in Drury Lane, during March. Following the action of the GLC on March 26 in ordering workmen and police to break into the building and wreck it, we pledged ourselves to continue the occupation in a series of further buildings until the authorities end their campaign of discrimination against us. Our first move was to occupy the empty student hostel at 1 Bedford Way, Russell Square, over the weekend. The building is in excellent condition, apart from the bathrooms and toilets which have been deliberately broken up, and which we planned to restore.

However in two raids at 10 p.m. and midnight yesterday, Monday, March 31, the police broke into the building and evicted over 70. In the course of searching the building the police held three of our kids and proceeded to kick and punch them until they fell to the floor, where they were again badly beaten, this time with truncheons. One kid, who was later charged with assaulting a police officer, was dragged, unconscious and bleeding, from the building into a police car despite the fact that a passer-by, attracted by his cries, had in the meantime called an ambulance. At the station we were told that if we were found in the area we would all be planted with drugs, as the officer in charge put it 'just like you read in the papers'.

It is clear from this that the police are determined to suppress us not for anything we have done, but for what we represent, the first movement of the Underground Scene towards an adequate political expression of its position. We refuse to be intimidated. As a result of legal advice we are preparing to take out a summons against the principal officers involved in the raids under the 1381 Statute 'Riotous Assembly contrary to Common Law and Oppression' for three offences: riot, forceable entry, and 'oppression'. The police are behaving like gangsters; we cannot allow them to go on running a protection racket on behalf of the owners of empty property, while our kids are homeless on the streets.

We are homeless, because when we try to earn money, by busking or selling underground literature we are picked up or moved on, while the straight citizens stand around with impunity photographing us being taken away. Even working does not make us a living.

We are homeless because landlords are prejudiced against kids with long hair, etc., as a result of the horror stories about drugs, etc., that are circulated in the gutter press. Even money does not buy us shelter. And even when, out of desperation we try to castrate our minds/bodies by getting some routine job, the employers refuse to even look at us. The only response of the authorities to our need to express ourselves, to create our own lives, is to label us 'mad' or 'bad' and house us compulsorily in special institutions. Faced with this situation, we have no option but organise to defend our own interests. We are fighting for our survival.

HOUSING

We are forming a housing association and will apply formally for recognition on this basis. However in the meantime we will continue to organise occupations of whatever buildings meet our needs.

LEGAL DEFENCE

We are forming a defence group and bust fund to help us fight all cases involving police discrimination against beats and buskers, as well as a result of specific actions. We are compiling a dossier on all forms of discrimination against us for the NCCL.

SOCIAL APARTHEID IN THE WEST END

For some time now the bars and cafes in the West End have been refusing to serve us, and refusing to give any reason. We will be organising various forms of protest, pickets, sit-ins, etc., to draw attention to this.

WORK

We have formed an underground labour exchange, called 'CONTACT' to find temporary or part-time jobs for kids whose talents are not being made use of through the normal employment channels. We are also setting up a poster workshop to help support ourselves with our own creative work. We are willing and eager to contribute to the community, on our own terms, once we are accepted for what we are.

RESEARCH UNIT

We are at present carrying out a survey of empty and derelict buildings in Greater London, and this information will be pooled for the benefit of all other squatter groups. We are also organising a social survey of the beat community, because apart from the drugs angle there has been little hard evidence about its actual conditions of existence to put up against the phantasies manufactured by the mass media.

Finally we will be calling a conference of teachers, social workers, psychiatrists, and social scientists, whose subjects, or objects we usually are, to try to turn them on to some of the political implications of the ways they are taught to treat us.

WE NEED PRACTICAL HELP AND SUPPORT OF ALL KINDS. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT PHIL GABRIEL, C/O THE ARTS LAB, 182 DRURY LANE, WC2.

Phone: 242 3407/8.

Rhodesia—Racists' Republic?

RHODESIA, Southern Rhodesia as it was formerly known, has had self-government since 1923 after a referendum by a European electorate. Africans were not consulted. Since that date the policy of the Rhodesian Government has been, by stops and starts, drawing nearer South African apartheid.

Way back in 1959, whilst in the aborted Central African Federation, Rhodesia had all the appearances of a Police State. The Southern Rhodesian African National Congress was banned in February 1959 and all officials (99 men and one woman) were arrested and imprisoned without trial. An African could not visit a town unless he had a pass, or to seek employment. No African could remain in any town unless he was employed by a white man and had a town pass allowing him to remain there as long as he was employed. Africans were not allowed to belong to any trade union or organise their own trade unions. The Apprenticeship Act excluded Africans. No African could ever be skilled. The Land Husbandry Act compelled Africans to cut stock holdings to a maximum of not more than five head of cattle per family. Arable land was cut down to a maximum of eight acres per family. Holdings were made so small that their value fell short of £1,000 which was required before an African qualified for a vote.

Since 1959 great progress has been made in Rhodesia in terms of African advancement. African representation is pinned to their contribution to total personal income tax. It is only after Africans pay more than 24% of total personal income that their representation will increase. They currently pay less than 1%, 1-24 can be a million years by 1959-69 progress. The all-important land question, the new Land Tenure Act, increases the European area by 10m. acres, leaving the African area unchanged.

Ian Smith must have had a good laugh after the *Tiger-Fearless* talks, knowing full well that Britain would and could do nothing short of sending in troops. Sanctions apparently have had little or no affect. International trade is a 'dog eat dog' business—someone is always ready to move in.

The question now posed is 'Will S. Africa and Portugal prop up the Smith regime?' Vorster, the South African Prime Minister, will do business with any **STABLE GOVERNMENT, Black or White.** How does he rate the Smith regime?

As for Britain, after a period of time for face-saving, the *fait accompli* will be recognised and gradually it will be business as usual. The United Nations has been mentioned so there will be rumbling from that quarter.

We are faced with the only solution—the Africans themselves are the only ones who can solve their problem, remembering that the only difference between white and black politicians is the pigmentation of the skin. European education is a wonderful thing. It teaches 'double talk' as an international language.

BILL CHRISTOPHER.

FACTS ON IRELAND

THE STRUGGLE IN IRELAND, RSSF Special Paper, 9d.

THIS PAPER, dated May 1, has been brought out by the Revolutionary Socialist Students' Federation. Its members believe that we are only at the beginning of the struggle in Ireland, and this paper is intended to provide a factual background.

To begin with there is an article giving a brief historical survey from 1690, and the victory of William of Orange, down to the present day. There is a study of People's Democracy, and a demographic survey, with map. This survey is beautifully printed. It gives you all the facts in such a way that they can be seen at a glance, demography, religious geography, major foreign firms, unemployment, agriculture, even the 'fuzz' get a mention.

An article entitled 'Ireland's Economy' talks about 'two levels of analysis'. It says, 'It, for example, religious discrimination could be ended and universal suffrage were to be introduced for Stormont as well as local elections, would unemployment remain high . . . ? Would enough houses be built . . . ? Put like this, of course no one could answer in anything but a severely qualified affirmative. However, at the moment, talk to the PD and the CRA in Ulster, and what one finds is that the second level of questioning is not being fully articulated.' The 'second level' of course is the economic one.

'As Bernadette Devlin said during the by-election in mid-Ulster, the peasants are socialists in their specific demands, but if you call it socialism they won't vote for you.'

In 'What Can Be Done' the writers say modestly, 'We have little enough experience, even of student struggle, and on the Irish question almost none. . . .' They suggest that there is need for study groups and courses in the universities on the history of Ireland. They propose the formation of Irish Societies, which can organise meetings and debates, etc. They also give a list of books and periodicals, and the addresses where they can be obtained. Finally there are two articles on the back page. One deals with the immigration of Irish labourers into England. The other is a life of James Connolly, which compares him to Lenin.

The printer's name is given, but I can find no address of publication, so anyone wanting copies of this paper would have to find out where RSSF lives and write to them. This seems to be a 'trend', as they call it, and may be due to the increasingly intense political atmosphere in which we live. It is an awkward practice all the same. Have we really reached such conspiratorial levels already? Perhaps we have. As the writers of this paper say, 'In France and Italy, the United States and Spain force is experienced as the normal means of state control and therefore as a natural part of the language of freedom. Only in Britain, it seems, has the reality of oppression been successfully exported. . . .' Maybe it will soon be reimported.

A.W.U.

Editors' note: *Readers may be puzzled as to the disappearance, for the past two issues, of despatches from the Reverend Berkes from N. Ireland. Evidently his letters to us were 'lost in transit'. We are promised however further contributions to be sent to us by special messenger as the post cannot be trusted from the colony.*

WE GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY LATEST DATE FOR RECEIPT OF MSS., LETTERS, MEETING NOTICES IS THE MONDAY IN EACH WEEK OF PUBLICATION.

Cathy Go Home

THE PROCESSES of the law grind on slowly in Rumbold Road. A writ is being served on Wednesday, May 28, asking Mrs. Foster to stop trespassing. A council spokesman has said (*Fulham Chronicle*, May 23, 1969), 'We are taking all legal means to regain possession. We are not at this stage using the force to which we are entitled.' We understand that the late A. Hitler acted perfectly legally in his activities. A Hammersmith Council employee assured squatters last week that he was not there to evict squatters. 'He hadn't got orders to do that.' On the other hand another public service employee assured us of his intention to sabotage any efforts to make Mrs. Foster's life more difficult.

This increasing preoccupation with legality makes the squatters' case much more difficult. At Rumbold Road we have had two visits by MPs Bernadette Devlin, the newly-elected member, and Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, the leader of the Liberal Party. Neither of them were on the guard-duty rota so their visit, unless they do anything by their influence, was merely a more hygienic form of 'baby-kissing'. Miss Devlin's political virginity is unsullied (as yet) but Mr. Thorpe is a more practised politician and a lawyer, what is more.

Fulham Councillors have attacked Mr. Thorpe's visit and accused him of being 'a comfort-carrier for law-breakers' and said 'It's not Thorpe's business. A visit of this kind introduces politics into the matter—and politics should be left out.'

Mr. Thorpe is, however, a smoother operator and he has said to Mrs. Foster, 'I can't promise results. But I shall see what can be done. . . . I don't necessarily support what they (the squatters) have done but I can understand it. . . . If this aggravates the Council into doing something, then it is a form of aggravation of which I approve. One doesn't want to encourage people to break the law, but one can understand what they are trying to do. . . . If I was in their desperate position I might do the same.'

The *West London Observer* (May 22) in an editorial entitled 'Another "Cathy" Headache' says 'A quick, firm line has been taken by the Council. If Mrs. Joan Foster and her three children do not leave the house in Rumbold Road, Fulham, eviction action will follow. A harsh, ruthless decision? No. A heart-breakingly necessary one. For members of the Council were elected to govern by democratic procedure—not to encourage, or even turn a blind eye to anarchy.'

In fact in Fulham 41.9 per cent of the electorate cast their votes in the election in which the present Council took power. The other 58.1 per cent (the majority) had either been forced to leave the district by the development scheme or were disgusted by both Labour's failure to continue the scheme and the Tory's intention not to continue the scheme or were not interested in voting. A Council elected on a minority vote should not be too boastful of its democratic basis.

Neither Mr. Thorpe, Hammersmith Council nor the *West London Observer* realize that law-breaking is part of the democratic process. All our progress from John Hampden, to the Tolpuddle martyrs and the suffragettes, have been made by people who broke the law. Good men should not obey the law too well. Institutions grow too cumbrous and rigid to deal with the problems facing them. The only thing to do is to crack open the institution. Mr. Thorpe is recorded as having said on a previous occasion, 'The State has a right to defend itself'.

The *WLO* goes on in its editorial to say, 'And let us face the fact. It would be an acceptance of anarchy if Mrs. Foster and her family were allowed to remain. It would also be a shedding of responsibility. For the Council have a clearly defined duty to the thousands of families "queuing" in an orderly fashion on the borough's housing waiting lists.'

The *WLO* is highly hypocritical in all this; not only does it use the 'Cathy' title for a sentimental tear dropped into the slot, but it is lying because the house in Rumbold Road was never intended by the Council to fulfil their 'duty' to the waiting list. The Council have shed their responsibility by placing hundreds of houses upon the open market to sell to speculators rather than to let to thousands of 'queuing' families, furthermore they have specifically turned down a scheme to reduce this list by building a housing project in the Moore Park Road area.

The use of 'Cathy' as a symbol is particularly ironical since it was by such 'illegal' activity at King Hill hostel by 'anarchic' groups that husbands were allowed to live in the hostels with their wives and families. Hostels still exist, however—anarchy hasn't gone that far—Hammersmith Council uses the Battersea Bridge one and they have another in Fulham Road. Finally, Mrs. Foster is also on Hammersmith Council's housing waiting list.

The *WLO* concludes its editorial with the ringing clichés: 'To look upon it as simply a problem of local authorities versus the squatters is taking a blinkered view. It is much wider than that. It is society's problem. And that means yours and ours.'

Ibsen, in *The Enemy of the People*, tells the story of a Medical Officer who discovers that the waters of a spa town are polluted by the effluent from a tannery but since the prosperity of the town and the spa are built on keeping this fact quiet and doing nothing about it the MO is hounded out of office and deserted by all his 'liberal' supporters.

Mr. Thorpe, Hammersmith Council, the *West London Observer*, are all acting like characters in *The Enemy of the People*. The mushy cloud of sentimentality that hangs around thoughts of *Cathy Come Home* obscures the truth. My God, how we all suffered, in front of the television set—it was a real catharsis—but we sent money to 'Shelter'; we are looking for a nice little place in Fulham which we can convert; we are a two-home family—Cathy, Go Home!

JACK ROBINSON.

THE PHONEY FREEDOM

READERS OF THIS PAPER may be surprised to find some peculiar sentiments expressed in what appears to be a special issue 'FREEDOM—SCIENTOLOGY'. They will be even more staggered to find themselves exhorted to 'Order "Freedom" on a Regular Basis' and make their cheques and postal orders out to the 'Church of Scientology Worldwide' sending them to the 'Editor, "Freedom",' at an address in Sussex. If we query Mr. Ron Hubbard's financial honesty, we at least have the dubious satisfaction of not being the first. Looking through the issue of the phoney 'Freedom' (in a similar format to this) one finds why the Scientologists have suddenly become so concerned for Freedom as to call their paper by that name, other perhaps than an unscientological belief that they may get orders for the wrong FREEDOM?

There is no doubt whatever that the Scientologists have been subject to persecution, but nobody in governmental circles has revealed why. It certainly began as a purely commercial racket. What, however, is the Rosicrucian Order but a similar attempt to exploit beliefs in esoteric arts run by a commercial organisation? The Panacea Society runs a series of completely fraudulent advertisements regarding Joanna Southcott's box; yet it is neither prosecuted, nor are the newspapers carrying the advertisements prosecuted, for offences under the Trades Description Acts nor other misrepresentations. The Sunday press denounces the Scientology cult, like it does one or two other very minor sects, for splitting up families deliberately and carrying out family exclusion of the apostate. This is no doubt very dreadful, but not one tenth as bad as that practised by the Jewish faith and whatever else Jews are criticised for, it is never that.

Ron Hubbard's Scientology is making big profits; but nothing like the Salvation Army, the big business organisation to which we are all shamefacedly expected to contribute when they come round in the pub. Scientology cures are fakes, but do not even pretend to the scale of Lourdes. Their ministers are humbugs, but the Church of England would never try to throw stones at them for that. Their ministrations are dangerous, but less than those of Christian Science. Nor are they as 'subversive' as Jehovah's Witnesses.

Since the attack upon them, Scientologists have not only fallen back on the cry that freedom is in danger; they have also protested that they are a Church being persecuted. The science fiction basis of Scientology was a pure twentieth century background, comparable with the nineteenth century background of religious fiction that built the Mormon religion. (Joe Smith, an illiterate backwoodsman, was read a religious novel, believed it was literally true, and re-told it as a revealed truth in exactly the same way as Mohammed had done after being told the story of the Bible.) Ron Hubbard graduated from science fiction and at least wrote his story himself. He started it as a commercial enterprise, went on as an esoteric guild, and under threat, has made it a Church.

But why the threats, why the persecution? In Australia, the police have broken in on the Scientologists, smashed up their files and records, raided their 'Church' and beaten up the 'congregation'; in England, the Government has deported American 'ministers'; in the States, the law book is turned upside down to try and find some way of hitting at them. What is it that has upset the powers that be? It is interesting to note in the phoney 'Freedom': '"Freedom" has consistently drawn attention to the inhumane and cruel treatment meted out in mental homes and institutions', 'Ely and other psychiatric hospitals are death camps', 'Psychiatry is murder by treatment', 'Lobotomy turns people into zombies or living vegetables', 'Lobotomy is a fascist treatment comparable with Auschwitz', 'Psychiatry practises death, maiming and drugging' and so on (all these come from the phoney 'Freedom' No. 12). As you will gather, they don't much like the psychiatrists. But why? Reading through Ronnie Hubbard's books on Scientology, it is essentially brainwashing itself. It is a form of psychiatric processing; it lends itself admirably to fascist techniques too (the breakaway 'Process' has adapted scientological ideas to fascism of sorts); the whole point of it is to adapt the mind to conditioned authority.

One can see that two of a trade never agree, and that the Scientologists might object to the psychiatrists precisely because the latter are the respectable, official, acclaimed version of the same thing. But Hubbard has made enough cash out of it to live like God in Paris on his private yacht; why does he begrudge the psychiatrists their ten cents' worth? More importantly, the psychiatrists have triumphed enough to become accepted by the ruling class. They are no longer obscure Viennese refugees scraping a living by listening to supine rich ladies' secrets in a back landing consulting room; they have been accepted by the State, their techniques are everywhere in use, Freud has long since displaced Jesus. Why should the psychiatrists—for it surely must be them who have made the move, as the Scientologists allege—have initiated the State persecution of the Scientologists? Why does the Ministry of Health and the Home Office harass them? **What is the crime of the Scientologists?** They are a load of swindling authoritarian bastards, but they are by no means the only ones; why are **they** not allowed to get away with it?

One can merely hazard a guess: probably by accident, they have **made a breakthrough in brainwashing** which has infringed and frightened official psychiatry. Behind all the commercially-induced examinations, tests, screening; the claptrap about visits to other worlds and the origins of man and what have you, the basic principle of Scientology is Brainwashing. Have they unconsciously taken over the brainwashing techniques planned exclusively for Big Brother? Are the brainwashed nuts who have been processed by Scientology no more, no less, than we shall be when Big Brother establishes his dominion? Who honestly knows what goes on in top scientific circles? What have the psychiatrists in store for **us?**

A. MELTZER.

MARXIST BACKLASH

Continued from page 2

1968, that all we see around us is 'a lot more public sex in an otherwise unchanged social order' must find it hard to forgive humanity for being so original. His impulse is to cut this originality down to size, to reduce new social contradictions to the older ones which have found a place in books. And yet, it ought to be obvious to all Stalinists, Trotskyites and Maoists so feverishly engaged on this task that such novelty is the crucial test of social theory. If this is all they can do, there is either something wrong with Marxism; or something wrong with them.

TOM NAIRN.

Freedom
For Workers' Control

MAY 31 1969 Vol 30 No 17

TUC and Government's Plans

No Room for Compromise

THE TUC has formulated and put forward its own document, 'Programme for Action', on industrial relations. This is the General Council's answer to the penal clauses included in the Government's White Paper 'In Place of Strife'.

Both documents represent an interference in the affairs and sovereignty of individual trade unions. Because the General Council's programme aims at doing the Government's dirty work, they want a centralisation of power, with the trade unions using their already comprehensive rules covering disciplinary powers against members acting unconstitutionally. Out of all the unions affiliated to the TUC, only six are not empowered to expel dissident members. Union executives are deterred from using these powers for fear of repercussions amongst the membership. The Electrical Trades Union is an infamous exception. However, if the Government does decide to give the TUC's programme a chance, many a reactionary union executive will no longer be deterred by the membership because if they refuse to use these powers, they risk expulsion from the TUC.

Most of the trade union leaders seem scared stiff of the penal clauses in the Government's plans, but these clauses are not in fact aimed at trade union leaders. They are directed against the rank and file who take industrial action without the authorisation of their executive. It is this type of action that has improved conditions of work and made inhuman surroundings more bearable. It has brought increases in wages beyond those negotiated by national leaders and, what is very important, it has made inroads into control over the actual work processes such as speed, manning and mobility. If laws are enacted to penalise such action, shop floor organisation and its willingness to fight will be considerably weakened.

This is what the Government wants so that employers can increase production at less cost, so that managements can introduce new methods of working and make men redundant, while the workers' means of resisting these attacks, strike action, will be punishable with fines. I know the Government's White Paper also says that any changes in working, sackings, etc., introduced by managements would, if opposed by the union members, remain as 'status quo' until a solution was reached, but this would obviously mean a compromise between the management and the trade union officials who had to be called in to negotiate. At the moment, the biggest part of this negotiating is done by the men's elected shop stewards.

4-3 AGAINST

Many who support the Government's Bill do so because it lays a foundation on which further legislation can be built, while others oppose it, and quite rightly, for the same reason. But having opposed the Government's Bill, there seems no logic in supporting the programme of the TUC's General Council which sets out to do the same job. Hugh Scanlon, the 'left-wing' President of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, has committed himself to do just this. His Executive voted 4-3 against the 'Programme for Action', with 'left-winger' Reg Birch and 'right-winger' John Boyd voting against and Scanlon joining those who voted for the plan. Those who wrote in the *Socialist Worker* about the Ford dispute, saying that Scanlon was different because he was a 'left-winger', must now be scratching their heads. But 'left- or right-wingers' in the political sense have just as little relevance as they now have in modern football.

No doubt Boyd's action is based not on his concern over the TUC's interference but on his prospects at next year's election when he challenges Scanlon for the Presidency.

The Communist Party, while criticising the General Council's programme, has so far not come out in opposition to it and still urges the TUC to call a 24-hour strike to ensure the (Government's) Bill's defeat'.

LITTLE DIFFERENCE

The meetings between the Government and the TUC can only end in a compromise, to the detriment of the rank and file. Whether the State or the TUC act against unofficial strikes will make little difference to those involved. The advantage will be the management's and this can only mean further attacks by the employers on hard-won conditions, with increased exploitation and possible fines or expulsions from unions if any action is taken.

However, both the Government's penal sanctions and the TUC's plans can be defeated by strike action. Australians are now doing just this. Kent miners did it during the war and dockers defeated the attempt of Attlee's Government to jail their comrades.

Action of this sort is feared by both the TUC and the Government alike, for it could challenge their very positions. These proposed penal clauses against strikers are just another facet of the Government's policy, like encouraging mergers, for the modernising and more efficient running of the capitalist system. Government policies will not only mean further cuts in the standard of living, but also an attack on the means by which workers are able to achieve increased earnings and better conditions.

We should not discuss and debate on compromise, nor should we choose between what we consider to be the lesser evil, the TUC or the Government. Instead we should fight both of them and at the same time put an alternative which would get rid of the trade union bureaucrats and governments. This should be an alternative where people are not used and sacrificed for the profits and power of a minority, but one with a society where men and women are free to run their own lives and where production is for the needs of the community.

P.T.

Contact Column

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SOGAT Hypocrisy in Aberdeen

AS THE IRON rule of the monopoly paper companies tightens in Aberdeen's paper mills, and as sackings and speed up become the order of the day, it's a real pity that the workers in the mills weren't at the Cowdray Hall on May 4, where they would have had the doubtful pleasure of hearing Comrade V. Flynn, SOGAT bureaucrat, voice his 'opposition' to the anti-union legislation. Part of this salaried seal's performance was a loud lamentation about how the monopolies were taking over the paper industry, and how this increasing trend towards bigger industrial units, and more profit, was partly responsible for the anti-union laws. He indeed waxed eloquently on the manner in which Bowater-Reed were going to turn the Donside Mill into a 'profitable concern', but failed to mention what every worker in that mill knows, namely that when the workers began to resist the management's attacks months ago over 60 were sacked, and SOGAT DID BUGGER ALL!

Flynn also failed to inform his audience, who included, by the way, such stalwart friends of the workers as a couple of Labour councillors and what appeared to be the sum total of Aberdeen Communist Party's aged membership, that SOGAT, far from resisting the increasing turning of the mills into poorly-paid prisons, is actually ASSISTING the employers to put the screws on the workers. The magazine *Solidarity*, has already exposed the new arrangement at the Stoneywood Mill, whereby work targets are to be set by a representative of the management and a representative of SOGAT. Ye gods, for all we know, Brother Flynn might well be that representative!

By crafty complimentary references to the May 1 strike in London, in which rank and file SOGAT members played a leading part, Flynn tried to infer that the SOGAT officials had approved of the stoppage, and supported it. As even the capitalist press acknowledged that SOGAT bureaucrats did their bloody best to stop it, Flynn was merely trying to blind everyone to the fact that the London rank and file left him and his fellow officials high and dry.

A warning to SOGAT members of just how far any official, even when wearing a militant hat, can be trusted, can be seen in the fact that in a speech in which he called the Labour Government lots of nasty things, not once did he suggest that it might be a good idea not to vote for them or not to pay the political levy. The rapturous applause from Maggie Rose and the League of Russian Empire Loyalists that greeted Flynn's crafty oration showed that if the workers have a bigger enemy than the capitalists, it's the Communists!

Like all union bureaucrats, SOGAT officials are saying one thing, and doing another. Shouting for the workers to resist one moment, and helping the management, as in Stoneywood, to hamstring them the next! Aberdeen's paper workers must see through the mystic fog being used to blind them by people like Flynn and take action themselves to defeat both the increasing attacks by the management and the slave state laws of the Government. One way in which Aberdeen mill workers can strengthen their position against management and union is to form mill committees, clearly under the control of the rank and file, and begin a wave of industrial action, aimed at gaining control over manning schedules, shift work arrangements and the right of hire and fire. Both *Solidarity* and the editor of the Scottish edition of FREEDOM are in touch with rank and file SOGAT workers who took part in the London May Day strike. A link between London and Aberdeen would be a good idea.

The 'opposition' of SOGAT to the union laws is as genuine as their concern for the wages, conditions, and rights of the men in Aberdeen's mills. In other words, it doesn't exist!

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

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FREEDOM PRESS

FISHY BUSINESS

Continued from page 1

that the ground is 'unfit' for council houses. But, it appears, it isn't 'unfit' for PRIVATE houses! How does a piece of ground become unfit for one house and fit for another? Like the 20 acres at Fernielea, this will be flogged off for a song, and we're willing to bet 5/- that the buyers will be the Aberdeen Development Company, or Stewart's the builders.

The *Evening Express* recently ran a little sob story, taking time off from supporting the Tories, to tell us (as if everyone didn't already know) that we've got a bloody great housing problem in Aberdeen. The same paper, a week later, was running ads for 3 and 4 apartment luxury flats in Fonthill Terrace to be let at £450 a year. The landlords, guess who, the Aberdeen Development Company. Thousands of people in Aberdeen scarcely earn £450 a year.

But surely, the Labour Party's back in power now, this won't go on . . . will it? Well, maybe the OAPs who can't afford the bus fare outside the concession times will get a lift from our ex-Communist Labour Provost in his shiny Austin Princess. When did you last hear of a Labour councillor exposing Baillie Williams and his typewriters and adding machines racket? Not a chance, brother. Lord Provost Lennox is far too busy working overtime in trying to keep industry out of the city in his one-man crusade to keep the Labour Exchange busy.

There's only one answer. You. Your neighbours. Your workmates. There are signs in Aberdeen that people are waking up and fighting back. The development up in Kilgour of residents' committees to make demands from the council is something that should be copied all over the city. The people of Kilgour have made the mistake of letting councillors get in on the act. They will steer any protest right up nice safe letter-writting channels. In future struggles, against rent and rates increases for example, we warn people to watch out for an aged band of Stalin's former admirers who claim to be Communists. Like a blanket smothering flames, the CP will kill any real struggle, taking up the dreary path of conventional protest, as they did last time, with their useless petitions to Willie Ross. Next time, and despite Labour's promises, it could be sooner than you think, tell the CP to put their bits of paper in the appropriate place, get haud of Granny Mutch next door, join up . . . and FIGHT! Aberdeen Anarchists will do everything in their (limited) power to assist the struggle.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

Children Occupy Site

DUBLIN REPORT:

AFTER SURVEYING the slum Pearse Street-Fenian Street Area and finding the folks and their children were eager for a free adventure playground, nineteen Dublin comrades and the local children occupied a bomb-site in the Name of the People and quickly organized swings, see-saws, etc. When we left, a gang smashed it up. Last Wednesday, together with 30 children and the unanimous support of the folks, we reconstructed it only to find that the capitalists had robbed all kids' metal equipment for their scrap heap factory next door. Yesterday another dilemma confronted us—building is beginning on the site in two months.

Last week two letters were printed in the evening newspapers demanding that the US propaganda war film *Green Beret* be banned. The letters were signed by several left-wing organizations in Trinity College including 'TCD Anarchist Group'. Anarchists wanted a film banned! Trinity comrades raised a protest—they had nothing to do with it. So, RTE arrived, and Comrade Rory appears on TV to explain the anarchists' position.

P. STEPHENS.

anarchist weekly

Freedom

5p

JUNE 10 1972 Vol 33 No 24

THE CURSE OF IRELAND

AN OLD comrade recently wrote to Freedom Press from the United States asking that FREEDOM should give an explanation of what is going on in Ireland. Apart from quoting Quidnunc of the *Irish Times* who said 'The man who isn't confused [in Northern Ireland] just isn't well-informed', we could only (then) recommend him a survey in *The New Yorker* ('Letter from Ireland', 19.2.72). Since then, events have not exactly clarified, they never do that in Ireland, but have given a more familiar pattern to the twisted course of Irish politics.

One of the difficulties in securing stories about Ireland has been the involvement of libertarians with the activities of the pro-nationalist IRA groupings, the Civil Rights Movement and the Anti-Internment League and the inability to see the wood for trees and the later inability to see light at the end of the tunnel. Were we ourselves involved in such a seemingly potentially revolutionary situation it would be equally impossible for us to retain a clear anarchist perspective. Histories of the Spanish Civil War (especially V. Richards' book recently re-issued) show that in such situations confusions and compromises, if not inevitable, are common. We have had to rely on admittedly detached sources in the Irish Republic with all the shortcomings of such a source.

With the changing situation the Belfast Libertarian Group have issued a pamphlet *Ireland, Dead or Alive: an Analysis of Irish Politics* (10p). This pamphlet promises to be the first of a series analysing Irish society from a libertarian standpoint (obtainable from Freedom Bookshop). *Solidarity*, Vol. 7 No. 1 has an excellent thesis on Northern Ireland. *The Socialist Leader*—in front of a distressing red background—has a slightly indecipherable article backing the 'Officials' in their cease-fire. *Time Out* has carried a report on life behind the Bogside barricades by John Lloyd. All this literature shows a new approach to the Irish question.

Obviously the 'initiative' of the Conservative Government set the dove among the pigeons, and whatever one may say about William Whitelaw he would appear to be a very astute politician.

The results of his labour have been the widening of the split between Officials and Provisionals, the return of Catholics to public office and a cease-fire by the Officials. Additionally there have been peace petitions circulated by the Catholic women accompanied by a typical Catholic priest. The priests have been denounced for their peace-making activities by Provisional IRA men.

Coincident with this, Mr. Lynch of the Irish Republic has been emboldened by his success in a Common Market referendum, and has taken steps against the Provisional IRA. He has detained two IRA leaders under his own emergency laws and would no doubt have arrested the leader Sean MacStiofain but for the fact that he could not be found. A story was put abroad (by Protestants?) that he had taken refuge in the Bogside 'no-go' area. However the British troops did not rush into the Bogside; neither did the Protestants.

The Protestant backlash seems, to mix a metaphor, to have fizzled out. All the Protestants seem to be able to do is to provide week-end revolutionaries with token barriers from Friday to Monday morning. Craig's thunderings seem to signify nothing. However Protestant random 'executions' of Catholics still continue.

It is obvious that a peace deal is going on—perhaps several. Oddly enough the most peaceful-seeming group, the Official IRA is, on its own admission, responsible for some of the most sensational of the IRA attacks, those on Aldershot, on John Taylor and the killing of a Catholic soldier of the Irish Rangers regiment—an act which some Catholics found peculiarly sickening. According to most sources, they are ostensibly Socialist, if not Marxist. According to John Lloyd in *Time Out*, the Provisionals in Londonderry are fighting for 'democratic socialism' but obviously acting as they are in conjunction with John Hume these aims cannot be realized in the kind of peace they are working for.

Whatever kind of peace is cooked up it is obvious that Stormont, as it was, is finished. What kind of a deal the Humes, the MacStiofains, the Paisleys, the Gouldings, the Craigs and the Fitts will cook up beween them will be no comfort to the poor Catholics and Protestants who must go on working for landlords and profiteers whoever comes out on top.

It will be recalled by those with a morbid passion for Irish history that some of the most bloodthirsty episodes of what they call 'the Troubles' took place after 'the Truce' and the signing of the Treaty in 1921 when comrades-in-arms turned from the battle against the British to fight each other for political power. Might not the Official-Provisional rivalry develop the same way?

The curse of Ireland is the politician who for too long has fed the Irish appetite for oratory and their love of debate. Surely the people of the Bogside have learned the lesson of self-reliance by now?

JACK ROBINSON.

BANZAI!

THE SLAUGHTER of more than twenty people by three Japanese 'kamikaze' warriors at Lod airport represents yet another step downward. We have moved from violence for ideals to violence for its own sake. Although the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine has claimed responsibility, and the Japanese appear to have undergone some training in the Lebanon, it is difficult to see them as guerillas in the ordinary sense of the word.

The tradition of the suicidal warrior is ancient in Japan, and has its equivalents in many other parts of the world, including Europe. The Viking berserks went into battle raving mad, fought without armour and disregarded their own survival. This is an extremely archaic form of behaviour, which survived in Japan until recent times, because (as some maintain) Japanese society is highly conventional and authoritarian. The only escape from this rigid framework is through violence and suicide. The individual asserts his own independence by cutting loose from all restraints and dying with glory.

If this is correct the probability is that these men were merely using the Israeli-Arab conflict as a convenient escape-route from life, though maybe they saw themselves as so many Lord Byrons going to help a foreign people against another foreign tyranny. But if, as seems far more probable, they wanted to die with glory, there seems no reason why others, equally inspired, should not go to any city, airport, railway station or any other place where crowds gather, and open fire at random. One could always find some cause or other to justify one's action, if one felt the need to justify it.

This means that nowhere henceforward is safe. Thanks to modern means of transport, suicide squads can move to any part of the world, and kill wholesale anywhere. There is no real hope of checking them. Just as the old medieval sect of the Assassins knew that no ruler can be guarded against an assassin who is prepared to lose his life, so no crowd can be guarded against a suicide squad.

The governments of the world are much to blame. The Japanese militarists revived the tradition of the heroic suicide during the Second World War. The British government has recently massacred thirteen people in a demonstration. The Watutsi in Burundi have recently murdered 50,000 Hutu. With these examples before them private individuals will seek to emulate their masters, and it is hypocrisy to hold up one's hands in horror, while giving one's support to governments. The results of private enterprise and state enterprise are the same, but governments of course want a monopoly of murder.

Indeed, at the time of writing, we await some equally bestial horror to be perpetrated on the Arabs, or the Japanese, by the Israelis. This will be done officially and therefore respectably, probably by parachutists in Israeli uniform.

If governments are to blame so are the peoples they rule over. Individuals can rebel against murder right away. No one has to go to Israel, Palestine or the Far East. We must begin to boycott manifestations of the cult of violence everywhere. The reason why these crimes are able to be contemplated at all is that throughout the present century there has been a steady, ceaseless drizzle of books, plays and films, all preaching (with greater or lesser subtlety) the same message—to defeat evil we must use methods even more ruthless than those of our opponents. Man is by nature a wolf to man. The fittest to survive are those who are the most successfully ferocious. When all else fails, a final appeal is made, 'At heart you are violent, aren't you, if you are honest?' Since most people do feel violent at times, in a society such as ours it is not surprising, this appeal usually works.

Of the people who died in the airport it is a fair bet that 90% at least of those who were adults had at some time or another had some connection with organised violence, either in giving their support to their country in war, or to the activities of the police. Violence is a boomerang, and often returns to the thrower.

JOHN BRENT.

THE BUILDING JUNGLE

PETER KAVANAGH'S sit-in on top of a crane has focussed attention not only on the use of labour-only sub-contractors ('the lump') but on the building industry as a whole. Building workers call it the 'jungle'. The description is apt, for it is a hard, dangerous industry to work in.

The stay-up protest started when steel fixers employed by a sub-contractor were sacked because the firm went bankrupt and a new 'subby' moved in with non-union 'lump' men. Despite a court injunction of trespass, which had to be read out through a loud-hailer, Peter Kavanagh remained in occupation of the tower crane. He remained there for ten days and only came down to join a demonstration of support from other sites which later went to the Federation of Building Employers' offices and handed in a resolution protesting against 'lump' labour and the blacklisting of militants. They also pledged support for the national pay claim of £30 for a 35-hour week.

Y. J. Lovell are the main contractor on this site for a new hospital for nervous diseases. With public money they are getting for the contract they have paid a 'subby' whose labour-only men do not have stamped holiday and insurance cards or pay income tax. They would be totally unprotected if they were injured on the site.

On another job in London, the Hotel Metropole, labour-only 'lump' men have been sleeping on the site. The contract has been let out directly by the owners of the hotel to sub-contractors who have kept the job going twenty-four hours a day. The hotel has mushroomed in order to cash in on the hotel tourist boom now sweeping London and incidentally to qualify for Government subsidies.

When a few militant trade unionists came on the site they found that operatives were not being paid travelling time and expenses, no overtime rates, paying for their own tea breaks and numerous other injustices which were in breach of the industry's Working-Rule Agreement. The trade unionists set to work organising and soon a strike resulted when a union organiser was refused entry onto the site.

If such conditions exist in London what must jobs be like where union organisation is non-existent?

MARCH ON SITE OFFICE

The largest building site in Europe, at Thamesmead in South London, is also involved in strike action. Over a long period they have been fighting redundancies brought about by delays between the contractor, Cubitts, and the GLC, over the negotiations about future phases of the contract. The bonus scheme has also been a problem and has not paid anything like a decent wage. A ban on all overtime was operated in reply to the proposed sackings. Cubitts reacted in a snide manner by continuing to run the buses when the overtime period ended. The men, angered by this, marched *en masse* to the site office. The company, seeing how the men felt, immediately altered their decision and ran the buses to suit the men's reduced hours of working.

One-day stoppages, by a strategic selection of the labour force, were started when the company refused to negotiate bonus earnings. Cubitts countered by sacking the Works Committee. Strike action lasting one day was enough to make the company change its mind and negotiations were opened on a 'limited and selective agenda of grievances'.

These negotiations yielded little, and when the Works Committee reported back to a mass meeting of operatives they voted for strike action to back up a claim for a £10 a week increase for a 40-hour week.

This monetary claim is in line with the unions' national demands, with a 35-hour week, which is at present deadlocked. The full negotiating procedure has been exhausted and the unions are planning selective strikes.

UNIONS' FAILURE

This claim is about the most realistic that has been made for many a year. The unions have totally failed to come to terms with the poor conditions and wages that building workers suffer. Men work under the most appalling conditions for less money than many could get on the social security. The unions cannot even claim half of the labour force as members. They have not opposed the rise in the use of 'lump' labour to any great extent and on occasions they have co-operated with the main contractor in keeping labour-only 'subbys' on sites.

Even Mr. George Smith, general secretary of the Union of Construction, Allied Trades and Technicians, says that the situation is 'disheartening'.

'It is clearly disheartening that with two full years of merger with the painters and six months of merger with the AUBTW, we have not yet succeeded in making a firm impression on the majority of operatives in the construction industry—the non-unionists.'

In spite of George Smith's attempts to oppose it, there is a growing unofficial movement in the industry. On a number of sites the £1 an hour basic has already been achieved, and in Birmingham shop stewards have fought a campaign to abolish the 'lump'.

If building workers are to achieve the present claim, then the rank and file will have to control the dispute. In 1963 workers came out for 1/6d an hour increase and went back gaining only 9½d, spread over three years. This must not happen again!

P.T.

Screw the Bosses!

BY THE TIME you read this the sit-in at Anglo-Swiss Screw, in Yiewsley, will be entering the fourth week. The workers there are among the lowest paid engineering workers in the area, with labourers taking home as little as £13 per week and setters around £21 per week. They are asking for a rise of 16% on basic rates, for holidays to be increased from 3 to 4 weeks and for holiday pay to include the normal bonuses.

The sit-in itself is a direct consequence of the policy of the AUEW that wage claims should be negotiated at regional level. And, as one of the men said, many of the engineering workers in the area are waiting for the outcome of this dispute before deciding on what action to take themselves. Because of this the Engineering Employers Federation are urging the management to hold out and are also giving them financial support.

The management don't want to start negotiations till July and only then on condition that men return to work. A letter was received from the Chairman, implying that redundancies were inevitable as customers would take their orders elsewhere. Despite this the workers are determined to see it through.

A vote taken on Friday, June 2, resulted in a majority of 128 to 71 for continuing their action. But the growing number who voted for a return to work only did so because of the hardship they are undergoing, which points to the urgency of raising money as quickly as possible.

So far the workers have received no strike pay and are only getting Social Security (which single men don't get). As well as being glad of any donations, the sit-in committee would also be glad to hear from anyone who can help in other ways.

Send donations to:—

Anglo-Swiss Screw Sit-In Committee,
Mr. E. Kelk,
22 Southfield Close,
Hillingdon, Middx.

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The Way of Liberation

THE FREE MIND, The Inward Path to Liberation, by Robert Powell (The Julian Press, New York, $6).

THE AUTHOR is a Zen Buddhist. He believes that human consciousness is simply a series of fragmentary impressions, and the sense of a solid and continuous personality, with a life history and a destiny, which most of us have, is in fact an illusion. A film consists of an infinite series of individual photographs, each slightly different. By running them quickly through a projector the illusion of movement is created, and the human personality is something rather similar.

We cling to our identity with desperation, because life ultimately leads to death, but this clinging does no good at all, it merely makes people more and more miserable. The author believes that if we could free ourselves from this clinging we should lose our preoccupation with nationalism, politics, property, family pride, neurosis and all the other things which make people so unhappy, and cause wars and persecution.

To reach this enlightened state is difficult, and I must admit that I found the book hard going. Alan Watts writes on the same theme, and I find his work more comprehensible. All the same I have no doubt that Powell and Watts, and all the others who put this point of view forward, are right. It is just that I would not offer this book to people who were in great immediate trouble. I do not think they would find it of much help to them. Its style is too academic and dry, which seems to be a common thing with Buddhist writings. This is the sort of book that some clever, successful technician or scientist, who was uneasily aware that something was lacking in his life, would appreciate.

Japanese feudal society was one of the most convention-ridden and repressive ever known. Zen was an attempt to free men from the bondage of this society, without changing the society itself. Or at least this is how it appears to the Westerner who writes these lines. Generally speaking, in the West, we try to change society, on the assumption that, as men and women are the products of their society, so if we change the society we change them also. But in practice it has not worked very well, and although I would not call myself a Buddhist, I welcome this influence from the East. Maybe it has some hope for us.

ARTHUR WARDO.

Happy Families

INTERVENTION IN SOCIAL SITUATIONS, by R. D. Laing (The Philadelphia Association, 15p).

'To cure a man you must begin by psychoanalysing his grandmother.'
—Old English saying.

I SUPPOSE ANARCHISTS are by now familiar with the theories of Dr. Laing. This pamphlet was originally a lecture given at the Association of Family Caseworkers' Study Day, in May 1968. In it he presents his views on the development of 'schizophrenia', which he believes to be the result of subtle family pressures rather than some chemical change in the brain. Children are required to play roles in the drama of family life, and these dramas sometimes continue for generations. As one individual dies his or her place is taken by a new arrival.

When the psychiatrist, the social worker or even the doctor called in for a purely medical emergency, enters, the course of the drama is affected, often very much so, but people seem to be unaware of the extent to which these interventions may ramify.

'Dr. Laing suggests that the child guidance clinic practice whereby separate people interview the child and his parents, and none of them sees the home situation, is about as sensible as it would be to try to discover why someone was a poor hockey player by taking his history but never watching him play hockey. . . .' Thus writes Eileen Younghusband in her foreword to the 1969 edition.

In order to treat the child or young person who is manifesting signs of 'schizophrenia' it is necessary to treat the entire family it seems. It must be said that some of these signs of 'schizophrenia' are of extraordinary triviality. They seem to consist simply of the young person no longer wishing to obey his parents down to the last detail. He or she stays out late, mixes with hippies or dresses untidily. If these are signs of madness who is sane?

In the past children were cruelly treated on the grounds that they were 'limbs of Satan', now they are persecuted on the grounds that they are 'mentally ill'. It seems that little has changed really. The family is still a formidable crushing machine, and society backs it up, of course.

But this is not a propaganda pamphlet. The above remarks are merely the present writer exploding. *Intervention in Social Situations* is a sober plea for studying, as far as possible, the total situation which exists where there is a case of 'mental illness', and not simply treating the 'patient' on his or her own.

The only thing which does give me pause a little, with regard to Dr. Laing, is this: agreed, many families are oppressive, and the individual is subjected to severe pressure. Despite this, though, most children do not become candidates for psychotherapy. Some of them go through experiences of ill-treatment far worse than anything suffered by some of the patients of Dr. Laing. The present writer ought to be a 'schizophrenic' by all the rules of the game. Is there some technique or knack, which some people are able to develop, or some innate quality, which protects them against parental and social pressures? In the film *Family Life* the older daughter treated her beastly parents with appropriate brutality, and finally walked out on them. The Stirnerites urge us to develop strong egos, but do not tell us how. Ought we not to be trying to find out some technique of psychological self-defence?*

To me Dr. Laing represents the ambulance that follows the army, picking up the wounded of the social battle, but the ideal is not to be wounded, or not so seriously as to need the ambulance. Some people seem to have this skill, in varying degrees. What we need to know is how to develop it to the highest possible degree.

JOHN BRENT

*In *The Politics of Experience* Dr. Laing describes the experience of a patient in a mental hospital who suddenly decided he had had enough of being 'mad' and simply returned to 'normality' again, apparently by an act of will.

PRESS FUND

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This must be the lowest figure ever recorded in the Press Fund. We are almost half way through the year and have reached about one-third of the 1972 target for both Subscriptions and Donations. Subscribers who have not renewed their subscriptions will be getting a reminder this week. If you are one of these, please respond swiftly—and if you have renewed, try to spare something for the Press Fund.

Politics of Rape

LETTER

Dear Comrades,

Most women can stand up for themselves and don't need an old MCP like myself to enter the fray. But really, Ian Sutherland's letter is a quite monstrous insult to the freedom of the individual to flaunt his or her attractiveness without fear of assault.

His remarks are offensive to me. Am I to be condemned as a 'pussy-teaser' because I parade my undoubted masculine charms before women I have not the faintest intention of obliging by fucking? Fair's fair—I maintain that girls are entitled to go around naked with rose-buds in their pubic hair, and remain virgins if they like, without fear of rape or strangulation at the hands of those they don't happen to fancy. To read a denial of this right in an anarchist paper is somewhat bizarre.

London, N.5 TONY GIBSON.

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ANARCHIST FEDERATION of BRITAIN

AFBIB—To all Groups.

The next AFBIB will be produced in Sheffield at 4 Havelock Square, Sheffield, 10. Send material to Secretary, Peter Le Mare. Also needs offers of help from Groups to bring out further issues.

The Contact Column in 'Freedom' is also available for urgent information. Groups should send latest addresses to Birmingham. New inquirers should write direct to them or to the AFB information office in Birmingham.

AFB REGIONAL GROUPS

There are now anarchist groups in almost every part of the country. To find your nearest group write to:

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Essex & E. Herts.: P. Newell, 'Aegean', Spring Lane, Eight Ash Green, Colchester. (QM, FL.)
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Scotland: Secretary, Mike Malet, 1 Lynnewood Place, Maryfield, Dundee.
Wales: c/o P. L. Mare (address above).
N. Ireland: c/o Freedom Press.
The American Federation of Anarchists: P.O. Box 9885, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440, USA.
S. Ireland: 20 College Lane, Dublin, 2.
University and Student Groups: c/o P. L. Mare.

I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill

'I DREAMED I SAW Joe Hill last night/as live as live could be/the copper bosses killed you, Joe/I never died, said he.'

The veteran Industrial Workers of the World militant Fred Thompson, whose prolific articles in the IWW journal *Industrial Worker* are always worth a look, has brought out a very well produced and written little pamphlet on Joe Hill, one-time Joel Hagglund, Swedish immigrant to the USA and author of more revolutionary songs—songs that are still to be found on even the most commercial record companies' products—than just about any figure in the history of the working class. Martyr, on November 18, 1915, to a capitalist firing squad in the State of Utah in the Land of the Free.

In 1970, the militant Swedish labour organisation SAC turned the house where Joe Hill was born into a labour history museum. Joe would surely have been happier with the other tribute they paid him, turning the area behind the house into a meeting place for the movement. The only thing Joe would have rejoiced to have seen in a museum would have been a stuffed banker or a mill owner in a glass case.

Before they shot him, Joe appealed to his fellow workers in a telegram to the IWW: 'Don't waste time in mourning: Organize!'

But generous Joe will perhaps forgive us if we do mourn, just a little bit.

In 1902, after a poverty-stricken childhood in Sweden, Joe Hill and his brother Paul landed in New York and changed his name.

He is believed to have led the life of a hobo, but although many old Wobblies are still alive with their memories, this part of his life is rather a mystery. He may have taken part in the revolutionary movement in Mexico in 1911. By 1912, he was an active IWW militant and began to play a part in the struggles of that most noble of all Western Labour movements. Trying to organise the dock workers of San Pedro, he came across his first example of American justice when the local fuzz jailed him for vagrancy in an effort to discourage him.

These fights and other struggles among loggers and railroad workers provided the inspiration for the songs. The first song of Joe's to appear in the IWW's Little Red Song Book was one which gave rise to the commonly used phrase 'pie in the sky'—though few people today would know where the phrase came from. The number is still a favourite today and I heard it only the other week on the BBC.

'Long haired preachers come out every night/Try to tell you what's wrong and what's right/But when asked about something to eat/They will answer in voices so sweet/You will eat, bye and bye/In that glorious land above the sky/Work and pray, live on hay/You'll get pie in the sky when you die.'

Joe would parody gospel songs and Broadway hits; Irving Berlin's 'Everybody's doin' it' became—apropos the IWW—'Everybody's joinin' it'.

Late in 1913 Joe Hill got a job near the Mormon capital of Salt Lake City. It should be realised that, to this day, the Mormons remain one of the most vicious Right Wing groups in American society and now that their 'missionary' endeavours have reached these shores in recent years we should miss no opportunity to pursue them on such matters as the war in Vietnam.

On the night of Saturday, January 10, 1914, Joe Hill knocked on the door of a medical friend, Dr. McHugh, suffering from a severe gunshot wound. There appears to be some suggestion that there was a woman in the case, but Joe Hill never explained where he got that wound. A few hours earlier, a grocery store had been robbed and the owner murdered. It was thought that the robber may have been wounded.

The police were summoned and tried to shoot Joe Hill as he lay injured. They even tried to use these further wounds as proof of his participation in the robbery.

On flimsy evidence—even President Wilson asked for clemency—Joe Hill was convicted. Shortly before his death he wrote, 'If my life will help some other working man to a fair trial, I am ready to give it.' Joe Hill simply refused to give any quarter or aid to capitalist 'justice'.

No motive was ever offered by the kangaroo court as to why Joe Hill should have ever even thought of murdering a grocer. Vast campaigns were carried out by US militants to secure Joe's release and, from the capitalist press, came wild tales how the arch-criminal Hillstrom, who had never been convicted of anything worse than vagrancy, was responsible for such things as blowing up the Los Angeles Times Building. As with Joe Hill, so with Dan Berrigan and Charles Manson.

It was written of his funeral: 'What sort of man is this whose death is celebrated with songs of revolt and who at his bier has more mourners than any prince or potentate?'

Read this pamphlet. Mourn. And Organize.

IAN S. SUTHERLAND.

(JOE HILL by Fred Thompson. 50c from Patric Fitzpatrick, 1360 Dale Street, San Diego, California, USA, 92102.)

A Bloody Good Play

THE HOSTAGE by Brendan Behan, Theatre Workshop at Stratford, E.

THE LAST PLAY I had seen before this one was 'Butley' at the Criterion, and I hadn't enjoyed it. I went to see 'The Hostage' which opened on Whit Monday with many misgivings; those concerning Brendan Behan and the play were quite wrong. It is a marvellous play, both in that it is full of life and fun and that it is a bloody **good** play. Behan spent years in jail for various reasons, at 16 he was in the IRA. But that does not mean this a straight IRA play. Anyway, after having seen the play, I can see now why Brendan Behan is celebrated—which I couldn't before. The other doubt concerned the production and the actors, but that too was splendid and went along with a real vim of its own. Production was by Joan Littlewood and the songs had been arranged by Lionel Bart. As an ensemble, moving around the set and talking and dancing, the actors were really good and convincing.

I rarely like theatre audiences: this one smoked many cigars and parked its Rolls outside in the muddy building-site lane. Was there an Irishman anywhere?

R.S.

LESSONS OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION *by Vernon Richards*

This is not a reprint of the work with the same title published by FREEDOM PRESS in 1953. It is a new and considerably expanded version which the author prepared for an Italian edition published in 1957, and recently published in Paris in a Spanish translation.

Additional chapters deal with such important topics as the Militarization of the Militias, the Cult of the Organisation and of Personalities, the Rank and File's Responsibility.

As well as a Select Bibliography, the author has contributed a 20-page Bibliographical Postscript in which he discusses the most important works that have appeared on the subject in the past twelve years.

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On Trial

THE TRIAL of the eight people accused of being involved in the Angry Brigade began on May 30 before Mr. Justice James in Number 1 Court at the Old Bailey. John Barker, Christopher Bott, Stuart Christie, Hilary Creek, James Greenfield, Anna Mendelson, Catherine McLean, and Angela Weir, aged between 21 and 27, face the following charges:

1. All are charged with conspiring with Jake Prescott and others to cause explosions between January 1968 and August 1971.
2. Greenfield is charged with attempting to cause an explosion at Paddington Police Station on May 22, 1970.
3. Greenfield and Mendelson are charged with attempting to cause an explosion at the Italian consulate in Manchester on October 9, 1970.
4. Christie is charged with having a round of ammunition.
5. Barker, Bott, Christie, Creek, Greenfield and Mendelson are charged with having explosive substances.
6. Barker, Christie and Greenfield are charged with having further explosive substances.
7. Barker, Creek and Greenfield are charged with receiving a stolen car.
8. Christie is charged with having yet further explosive substances.
9. Barker, Bott, Christie, Creek, Greenfield and Mendelson are charged with having a pistol.
10. Barker, Bott, Christie, Creek, Greenfield and Mendelson are charged with having eight rounds of ammunition.
11. Barker, Bott, Christie, Creek, Greenfield and Mendelson are charged with having two machine-guns.

The first day of the trial was taken up with procedural problems. Right at the start, after all the accused had pleaded not guilty to all the charges, the prosecution successfully applied for a brief adjournment to discuss procedure with the defence. Then after that Anna Mendelson, supported by John Barker, unsuccessfully applied for a long adjournment to allow the present atmosphere of prejudice against the accused to be dispelled—she suggested a period of two years. The judge claimed that he treated the application seriously, but despite the evidence of newspaper reports he insisted that the trial would be fair and would not be political.

The defence therefore applied for jurors to be questioned about their connections and opinions, and the judge agreed. All prospective jurors were then asked a whole string of standard questions, whether they were connected in various ways with such individuals as Robert Carr, John Davies, Peter Rawlinson, Woodrow Wyatt, William Batty, and John Waldron, or such organisations as the American and Spanish embassies, any Italian consulates, the Banks of Spain and Bilbao, Iberian Airways, Fords, Biba's boutique, Securicor, the Territorial Army, the police or prison service, and the Conservative Party—all targets of the Angry Brigade—and whether they had any views generally concerning any anarchist movement or activities which might cause them to be biased in favour of or against the accused, whether they had formed any impression that the accused were members of an anarchist organisation or the Angry Brigade, and whether they had any knowledge of the social or political activities of the accused that might cause them to be biased. In the end 72 people were questioned, 19 admitted bias, 39 were challenged, and two were excused, and after three hours a jury was found.

The prosecution counsel, John Mathew (who was also the prosecution counsel at the trial of Prescott and Purdie last November), outlined the case against the accused from May 31 to June 2. It is naturally much the same as that against Prescott and Purdie, but far more detailed in view of the large number of people and incidents involved. Briefly, the case is that the accused were part of a conspiracy responsible for 27 bombing and shooting incidents which occurred during the four years up to the arrest of six of them at a flat in north-east London last August. The flat is alleged to have contained explosives, fire-arms, and incriminating documents; and it is alleged that the documents implicate the other two, Catherine McLean and Angela Weir.

On June 2 a juror was excused because his wife was ill, so a new juror had to be chosen and the trial technically began again. There have been more relevant interruptions than this, with Anna Mendelson and Hilary Creek in particular making a large number of important points; and when the defence failed to have Detective Chief Superintendent Roy Habershon, the policeman in charge of the case, removed from the court while prosecution witnesses gave evidence, all eight themselves left the court in protest. But they later returned, and the prosecution case continued. In general the judge seems to be preserving the most careful calm and balance so that he cannot be accused of the kind of prejudice shown by Melford Stevenson at the trial of Prescott and Purdie last year, but there is a very long way to go yet, and things may change later.

CORRESPONDENT.

On Tuesday over 100 people showed their solidarity with those on trial by picketing the Old Bailey.

The Defence does not Rest

THE STOKE NEWINGTON Defence Group meeting, scheduled for the LSE last Saturday, had to be transferred to the University of London Union at the last minute due to an LSE administrative decision. Once there, the preamble of latest details of the trial, and its connections with Micheal Tobin's imprisonment, the Metro, Mangrove, and the Longannet coalminer pickets' trial in Dunfermline, gave way to a discussion about legality and illegality in the revolutionary movement. A new Defence Group pamphlet has been printed and is now available (5p plus postage from Compendium Bookshop) and this carries a very extensive discussion of the role of violence in the state at present and how this must be overcome. Discussion of the implications of this pamphlet and the parallels between the 'Angry Brigade' and the Tupamaros, the Red Army Faction and so on, was rather abstract. A valuable point, however, raised in conjunction with these armed revolutionary Groups was that why have they, even the more successful of them, been unable to arouse a mass movement intent on the same goals. The attacks on various offices and banks by the Angry Brigade were a violent extension of what the revolutionaries in Britain all felt. A case in point is the raid on the Holloway TA recruiting centre just after internment had been introduced. But no activity followed.

Much further discussion centred around the politics of the state after the trial. If the defendants are sent down for long periods it seems fairly certain that the current spate of Special Branch searches, gunpoint arrests and infiltrations of groups will not only continue but will expand. If the left react violently then, Kitson and his fellow militarists will be on hand. (The masochism of the British Taxpayer is unbelievable, he even pays for his potential killer.) The whole purpose of the pamphlet and the meeting was to show that now is the time to act, any later and the state conspiracy will have prepared its defence. It is also vital that the trial is not lost politically as it seems certain to be judicially. The absurdities of the arrests and searches along with very dubious prosecution material and of course the blanket conspiracy charge must be exposed and their real intentions revealed. As at least a few of the defendants are going to give political defences we cannot let these appeals stay inside the courtroom. This is a trial that no one can afford to lose.

DAVID BROWN.

AN APPEAL FOR FUNDS

The defence group need £1,000 as soon as possible to counter such actions as the 'blacking' of the trial by QCs and the correspondingly even higher defence costs. Only about £100 is left in the fund and everyday expenses like meals for the defendants, paper costs, bulletin mailings, and so on, all vital to maintain the level of action at anything higher than a mere token, are rapidly cutting into this figure. Physical help is also needed to post up leaflets and arrange to distribute material around universities, factories and working-class areas. Also vital to the defence effort is typing up of trial tapes for the bulletin. Volunteers are urgently required.

CRIME MARCHES ON

AFTER BRIGHTON children's parties comes the petty persecution of newspaper and hot dog salesmen at Hyde Park Speakers' Corner.

The vigilant eye of the police moved in on Speakers' Corner last Sunday when we set up a table outside the barrier where it is supposed to be quite legal to sell periodicals. Although it was manifestly obvious that we were not obstructing anyone the police warned us to move or be taken along to the station for obstruction. Later, someone giving out leaflets was arrested.

The highpoint of the afternoon came when the police towed away the small vehicle used by a hot dog seller. To cries of 'police State' and 'hot hot dogs' a dozen uniformed police accompanied the rather pathetic sight of a police van towing the offending vehicle away.

Nowadays, it seems, people who venture to Hyde Park can only buy literature if they go to the toilet. For downstairs, where the law obviously thinks we belong, next to the Gents and Ladies, the selling of literature is grudgingly allowed. Yet even there the old circus performer who did his act was questioned by the police thus stopping him collecting anything from those who had seen his act. It is also true to say that selling downstairs is not half so good as it was in the five minutes we had upstairs where we first set up. We also tried selling near the long line of artists with their commercial wares in Bayswater Road, but you get only sight-seers there and tales were very poor.

We were told by the bloke selling the *Freethinker* that only people selling religious crap can sell upstairs, the Salvation Army is always allowed to sell its publications. Their uniform is like a built-in trigger mechanism for the cops who immediately sense a friendly organisation. Our friend from the *Freethinker* said once he was selling upstairs when a cop kindly told him that he didn't mind him selling his religious literature (!) but the political papers were not going to be allowed any more.

It is incredible in a country where the gutter press is on sale at every newsstand a few sellers of left-wing literature cannot sell their papers in just one place, one day a week. Is the State *that* afraid of us? It seems so. Petty persecution as well as major acts of torture are the order of the day; only scared Governments behave in this way.

Let us hope that during the summer this ban on selling upstairs at Hyde Park is challenged. How about ORA sending a dozen sellers along to give the law a real test, getting an NCCL observer to watch what happens?

We met some overseas comrades from Sweden, Australia and America. We were able to assure the American sympathisers that there really were anarchists still in the United States. Someone asked after Philip Sansom, who I believe is inside for crimes against the census,* and an American who knew Emma Goldman told us to read the memoirs of Mussolini's secretary. (Anyone know about them?)

DRAKE AND BOADICEA.

*Philip Sansom is now in Norwich Prison, for 28 days for non-payment of census fine.—EDS.

Western Australia

REGARDING OUR activities in WA, for the last three Saturdays we have been picketing the US consulate and protesting at the US actions in Vietnam. We also participated in a moratorium march, but split from that to march to the local lock-up, where a protester had been lodged. The police over-reacted by using eight cars and about twenty guards to defend a building that no one was attacking.

A pamphlet was distributed on Labour Day (March 6) concerning Julio Millan. Further anarchist literature has been distributed at the Institute of Technology, and a comrade was given a two-page article in a large local student paper. At present a comrade—Graham Milner—has been threatened with deportation if he continues with his political activities, under section 8d of the Migration Act, which provides for this.

Naturally this will be fought, but there are so few anarchist activitists that we cannot afford to lose any. A young anarchist, I did not know him, called Les Coles, was deported in January for his political beliefs and activism.

Well that's about all for now, except to say that shortly we hope to have a post office box and a regularly published news-sheet, although all of this takes time.

T.B.

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Defence Group Pamphlet

IF YOU WANT PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR by Stoke Newington Defence Group, Box 359, 240 Camden High Street, London, N.W.1. Price 5p.

THIS PAMPHLET attempts to put the current trial of those accused of conspiring to cause explosions into some perspective. To my mind it succeeds in broaching a number of subjects related to the implications of the trial and the Angry Brigade movement. It is well worth reading within the anarchist movement, and I sincerely hope our non-violent comrades will read and ponder the arguments put forward with their customary reasonableness and charity.

We have here no eulogy of the Angry Brigade, no blind emotional stirring of the consciousness, but a balanced, partly critical, portrayal of the emergence of a type of rebellion and revolution that has taken root in Britain. The drawings are a noteworthy contribution to the approach of the pamphlet.

Rather than summarising the case it seems best simply to request that you read it for yourselves; the aspects that I feel need our major concern are in the final section on 'Revolutionary Criminality', since it is in these bold and possibly farsighted lines that a fresh pattern of thought emerges. 'Although the criminal fraternity is clearly not a revolutionary force at the moment' the authors argue, 'neither can it be rejected as just an apolitical reflection of present day capitalist society, whose experiences are irrelevant to the revolution. There are within it possibilities of it developing a close relationship with the revolutionary left. These possibilities stem from its basic position within the present set-up; its very existence poses a threat to, and is a denigration of the ideology of the work (exploitation) ethic and the ethic of exchange value; it is committed to an ongoing struggle with the Law and its Agents, and to maintaining its refusal to play the co-operative game with the ruling class.'

It is made clear that the authors don't believe that within every criminal lies the soul of a revolutionary but the example of the sit-downs in prisons 'without the guidance of the organised left' does point to a certain mingling of concepts. Indeed as the State treats the libertarian left more and more like a criminal left the areas of contact between revolutionaries and criminals are bound to increase. The prisons may well become the universities of revolutionary criminality.

A careful reading of the final pages of this powerful document is recommended.

J.W.

Who's Judging Who?

ARTHUR JAMES, who is presiding over the current Angry Brigade trial, and Melford Stevenson, who presided over the previous trial of Prescott and Purdie last year, have something else in common. Seven years ago the Committee of 100 paper *Resistance* printed an article discussing James's whitewashing report into the Challenor case and Stevenson's brutal conduct of the Forbes criminal libel case. (Challenor was the policeman who planted bricks on demonstrators against the Greek royal visit, after which he was said to be mad, and Forbes was the man who alleged that a policeman had stolen £10 from him, for which he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment:) The conclusion of the article in *Resistance* (Vol. 3, No. 9) was that no one who came up against the police could hope for a fair hearing in a court presided over by James or Stevenson. Stevenson has proved the point well enough since then; what about James?

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'Please Teacher' Revisited

LETTER

Dear Comrades,

I have given the letters of David Brown and Trevor Bavage a good deal of thought. There were, as I see it, two subjects under discussion. Firstly, the structure of the educational system. Secondly, the position of the teacher as a worker in the social system. From these, and by a rather circuitous route, concomitant with Trevor Bavage's feelings about individualism, we find a basic synthesis developing, which underlies all that was written previously. What is the role of the teacher? Perhaps, however, it would be simpler if I commenced by dealing with the second point.

Let me draw up an analogy to pinpoint the trend of the argument. Suppose there appeared an article in FREEDOM condemning the attitudes of the railwaymen and dockers. It said that neither should be interested in money, working conditions or job security. What they should be interested in primarily, and discussing this at great length at their trade union meetings and conferences, is how to make their jobs and the industry more efficient, even to the point of declaring themselves redundant in the interests of the consumer. The article, perhaps, could look forward to the day when automation made both railwayman and docker obsolete. Avoid the obvious red herring here that what we seek is to abolish work—we may do, but let us stick to the present context. FREEDOM, and anarchist writers, tell us that the consumer comes first and the worker should subordinate himself always to the immediate wishes and perceived desires of the consumer, even when the railway traveller, in a fit of laziness, tries to cross an electric rail on foot.

If this kind of article appeared attacking the actions of the workers then everyone would feel and say that FREEDOM had gone mad. They would say that FREEDOM, and anarchists, had changed sides in 'the struggle'. Quite! Now this is just what Brown and Bavage are saying about teachers as workers.

Firstly, teachers should not be interested in wages, working conditions, security of tenure and, dear to the heart of the syndicalist militants, job control. Secondly, they should put the wishes of their consumers first (and here they do not specify who is the consumer—the child or the parent, the point is not an academic one as many a head has found when he tried to introduce new methods in the teeth of the governors—Michael Duane for example?). Thirdly, it is the function of anarchists to abolish the teacher's role in education.

Now why one standard for one type of worker and a different standard for the other? Brown even suggests that teachers should not have trade unions, suggesting that these are elite-making. He even goes to the point of criticising their demand for a unified pay scale as though this has something to do with perpetuating a 'hierarchy of examinations and gradings' when obviously, if he would bother to consult the last three Burnham Reports and Recommendations on Teachers' Salaries, he would realise that this proposal is the exact opposite, in fact a recognition by the teachers' unions that distinctions and gradings create disunity, and it is only by their abolition that real unity of action will come about by a recognition that all teachers are in 'the same boat'. Bavage even suggests that the teacher, by being a teacher, supports 'our rulers', that is, supports the system. Well so do railwaymen and dockers, by doing their own jobs. Almost everyone in our kind of society does. Our recognition of this, and our willing participation in action with our fellows within the context of capitalist society is 'the struggle'. This is what the whole business is all about. Why single out the teachers?

The structure of the educational system, the first main point in my introduction. Why does it exist? Firstly because people need to socialise their children into the norms, roles, habits, and, in effect, culture of our society. Also to enable them to participate as a full member of our society both as a worker in the social system, for by their work are men known and accepted, and secondly to survive as individuals in a complex technological environment. This is to say nothing of one's place, role and status, as son, husband, father (and female counterparts), and as members of communities, groups, and associations.

Education is compulsory, you might say. But was not this compulsion brought in because when the British educational system developed it was found it was largely underused? A great many people were not educating their children. The industrial capitalists even went as far as exploiting child labour because it was cheaper than paying the full rate for the job. Compulsory education enabled everyone to benefit (except the exploiter). It gave survival kits to the individual and at the same time kept them out of the factories long enough for them to mature a little. It also, by the use of school milk, meals, and health inspection, enabled many children to live a good deal longer and be a lot healthier.

Compulsory education had its faults, but judging by what went before, it had a lot to recommend it. It has done one thing above all and that is it forced the community (capitalism, the state, call it what you will) to hive off a considerable amount of resources in money, property, manpower and time, which was sadly lacking prior to the inception of 'the board schools'.

Brown tells us that 'Learning is the monopoly of the learner, not of the source of information'. A little too trite I think. Learning is taught. The process of learning is accelerated by teaching people how to learn. Without the skill of learning, the learner is cripplingly handicapped. The first part of Brown's statement is meaningless nonsense.

'The source of information' can be the practicable experience of life—always provided a series of events do happen to initiate in the learner a desire to learn —they may not, which is why country children do tend to be marginally slower at human intercourse. Sources of information can vary. They can be books (provided the learner has been taught to read), films, slides, tapes, teaching machines, computers (again provided the learner knows what he is supposed to be doing), or it may be the synthesised experience of the teacher. I personally find it easier to learn from teachers than from most other media. The source of information however is knowledge. Knowledge is its own authority. The teacher transmits knowledge efficiently to the learner. He plays the crucial, critical, catalytic role in learning. Without the teacher's advice and help the process of learning would be much less efficient for the learner.

Naturally the pupil wishes to know how he is doing, the teacher wishes to know whether his methods are effective in transmitting knowledge too, so the teacher tests the learner. Examinations enable us to see the progress we have made, both as pupil and teacher. I think the formal written essay-type is less efficient than continuous assessment (multiple-choice questions are an example). Gradings merely help give the student a context to his learning in relation to his fellows, his perceived progress, the 'normal' rate for that particular learning process, and see whether he is putting enough effort into the activity.

The teacher here is limited by two main things: the pupil's potentialities in relation to an expected rate of progress; and the pupil's willingness to learn. It is sometimes necessary to tell a pupil that he might be better suited to be a postman than an airline pilot. Advice, reinforced by exam gradings works well I think. The pupil can apply for the airline pilot's job if he wishes but the educational system does try to get him to limit his applications to the jobs that are within his grasp.

If the pupil is lazy, noisy or constantly interfering with others, or too self-opinionated to understand that he is supposed to be working at a learning process and success is not guaranteed merely by enrolment on a course, and consequently may be a nuisance to other learners, then it may be up to the teacher to point this out. Consistently being a nuisance can cause the teacher to assume the role of arbiter, and even executioner of a punishment. Punishments are not wrong per se. What is 'wrong' is the situation. I venture to suggest that most pupils are punished for interfering with the learning process, bullying, and the like than by the crazy idiosyncrasies of some looney head.

Do not seek to abolish symptoms. Are we reformists or revolutionaries? Abolish causes. Will stopping caning stop one student carving up another because, for instance, one is a Greek, the other a Turkish Cypriot? Caning is often less drastic than some people like to think, and it does work. I well remember teaching in a Secondary Modern in inner ring Birmingham where there was an outbreak of racial violence with lots of students wearing swastika badges and repeated beating up of West Indians and others. When some lads attacked the mother of a West Indian who had come to school to collect him the police asked the head to put a stop to it formally as the parents were encouraging it (the brother of one lad was Colin Jordan's area organiser). The head had been a Japanese prisoner of war and had strong feelings about 'fascists'. He caned all the culprits in front of the whole school for a week. It stopped the racial violence stone dead. It also stopped several lads ending up in an approved school. I met some of them later, they joined the CND. They said that they were grateful to the head because he forced them to think about the relevance of their actions.

Is this an extreme example? I do not know. Caning is not as frequent as you imagine. I am unsure as to whether I am in favour of its abolition. On principle I am in favour of certain things, but the practice should be related to honest realities. I feel many libertarians are more concerned with the niceties of 'fact' fitting in with principle. I am interested in principle fitting in with reality. If you teach in a non-caning school where the pupils' parents will beat the hell out of them for any minor infraction, the pupil is just as likely to tell you to 'piss off' when you suggest that what was on last night's telly may be interesting to him and his neighbour but you and the rest of the class would like to get on with the learning process. Further I know of several cases where it was the parent who asked the head to cane the pupil.

Brown rightly points out that 'Presence is not an indication of willingness to learn'. But if the libertarian teacher wishes to teach as a libertarian he must assume that his pupils are there willingly. To do otherwise would be to introduce the element of compulsion at every stage. It is up to the teacher to introduce an acceptable vehicle for learning. It is my experience that those pupils who are unresponsive or will not try to learn do so because they are on the wrong courses, in too advanced or too elementary a class, or are there in order to avoid getting a job—certainly in further education. The only thing one can tell students in further education who will not learn is to go somewhere else.

The statement 'it is fundamental to a libertarian society that there is no teaching class but only a learning class' (Brown again) is dogmatic and autocratic. The most fundamental aspect of a libertarian society is surely that man is free and not governed by other's platitudinous cliches. Anyway, how is it fundamental —what is the basis of the statement? What is its source—God?

Trevor Bavage's letter said a lot about his idea of what he thought individualism was about. I know it was his idea and not mine because he said I 'frequently inarticulate' my ideas on the subject. I am sorry he does not understand what individualism is all about. I wrote out a detailed analysis to accompany the Anarchist Federation of Britain Internal Newsletter in reply to him and his comments. It only goes to disprove Brown's point further. Trevor Bavage may have read a lot of Stirner's and my writings. He has obviously failed to understand, despite his learning monopoly, because he misunderstood, apparently, what we meant. Perhaps he needs a good teacher, then he might write a letter, 'spewing out' more fact and less cliche. I do feel however the children in his free school in Leeds might be better off if he left them to control their own environment, then they could at least be grabbed by the compulsory state education system and educated by qualified teachers who knew what they were doing, having 'the abilities of craftsmen and artizanship', instead of being left in the hands of an untrained, unqualified, inexperienced and inept dilettante, like Trevor Bavage, whose prime aim appears to be to get them to uncritically think like him. Poor kids. And he says I am not an anarchist?

What is a teacher? A teacher is not merely a person who performs when in class contact, like an actor on a stage. He is this, but more. Every move, every gesture, every expression, every word and the thoughts controlling these, must have relevance to his basic philosophy as a teacher. His theoretical approach to the learning situation and its practical expression must be systematic and relevant to his perceived understanding of his pupils' needs, and have reference to the practical possibilities of their lifestyle and work-style as participants in an evolutionary process. The teacher does not teach subjects but pupils. To do this he expresses his personality in a kind of market place of knowledge called a learning situation. If he is equipped only with the knowledge and with no understanding of what the role of the teacher really amounts to, he will fail on so many counts.

In conclusion I will say that the present system of education, of teaching and of learning, is not the best that it can be. It is simply the system that exists now. It is important to see the process in this light and for libertarian teachers to face up to the problems, and not come out with pious platitudes, and then walk away from the problems. To do this we need to indulge in some pretty hard thinking, some very scientific experimentation, and some clear discussion about the realities of the educational system with the roles of teacher and pupil in present-day society. We need to look closely at the results of our work and indulge in continual self-criticism. We also need to take some of the comments of the political idealogues with a large pinch of salt.

Fraternally,

London PETER NEVILLE.

THIS WEEK IN IRELAND

WHAT A FRAGILE and delicate flower is peace. The women of Derry and Belfast, now joined by their menfolk, are campaigning for a cessation of hostilities, the Official Sinn Fein have smelled the wind of change and called off their violence except in defence, but the 'Provos' and Vanguard are more obdurate than ever, and Paisley is breathing fire and brimstone once more. The retiring Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir Joseph Cairns, has made one of the most provocative speeches one can imagine, and Vanguard are determined not to obey Whitelaw, and keep the march they have planned for Saturday to the east side of the Foyle, but to invade the flash points. It will be very easy to sever the thin skein that is all that prevents wholesale civil war.

Last week-end there was a 48-hour picket, 24 hours each on both Sinn Feins, organised by the Alliance Party, the SDLP, NUM and other Northern groups. Plenty of ordinary men and women from Andersontown and the Bogside came down and joined in too, as did Dublin people. The Provos made attempts to intimidate, besides throwing eggs from a car. They photographed those taking part and promised that 'they would be dealt with'. One man screamed at me I was 'wrapped in the Union Jack'. I said I did not care a tinker's cuss for any flag, Union Jack, Tricolour, Stars and Stripes or what you will. I cared for people. Later when I was going home on Sunday evening (I only dropped in and out so to speak) a garda warned me I had been photographed and to be careful and not to answer my door after dark. I said I knew I had been photographed but since I was on first name terms with the photographers I was not very concerned. I did NOT add I was very seldom in to answer the door after dark. The Officials were courteous. One of their leaders was out talking to Austin Curry and presently I chipped in. He said, 'But H., everyone knows you are a REAL pacifist and no one doubts your utter integrity. You practise what you preach.'

Today I learn that Joe Cahill and Rauiri O'Bradaigh of the Provos have been arrested under the Special Powers Act, which means they can be held for 48 hours without being charged. Corporal John Stevenson, alias Sean MacStiofain, has gone on the run. No one in their senses could do anything but abhor the Special Powers Act. Rauiri and Joe have gone on hunger strike and pickets of Sinn Feiners are outside the prisons where they are held. The Bogside women had not a good word for John Stevenson (as they insisted on calling him). They said, 'Sure he orders the bombing to go on and stays safe in the South. It is not HIS children that are killed on their way to and from school, or his wife who has her legs blown off when she goes out shopping.' The women, bar a few Amazons, are war weary to an unbelievable degree. How one longs for sanity to spread through the six counties, and for all to realise no one can get all their own way, and that there must be give and take.

Meanwhile, just to make life easier, electricity goes up in price again today, with a further rise promised for later in the year, and from next week the price of meat will put it out of the purchasing powers of most people, as owing to a shortage on the Continent all our meat is to be sold there at an EEC price.

H.

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Contact

Contact Column is for making contact! Use is free, but donations towards typesetting costs are welcome

Help Fold and Despatch 'FREEDOM' Thursdays from 2 p.m., followed by discussion at 7.30 p.m.

Spanish Anarchists and Sympathisers wishing to form a direct action group to plan and organise a movement to fight the Franco regime. Ring Manuel 328 5734.

Flemish Action Committee for E. Europe. Vik Van Brantegem, 90 Canfield Gardens, N.W.6, wants contacts with British anarchist groups.

PROP. Prisoners TU Action Group fighting for parole, legal representation and civil rights in gaol. Magazine Prop 15p. All enquiries to Dick Pooley, 96 Victoria Avenue, Hull, Yorks. Tel. Hull 400232.

'Peace News' for theory and practice of non-violent revolution. £4.95 p.a. (students less 10%). Trial sub. 7 weeks for 80p with free M. Duane 'Biological Basis of Anarchism', 5 Caledonian Road, N.1.

Anarchist Badge. Rim lettering 'Global Tapestry', designed by Arthur Moyse. 5p + 3p postage (6 and over post free) from 1 Spring Bank, Salesbury, Blackburn, Lancs., BB1 9EU. Also A. Moyse cartoon folio, 25p. Postcards, etc. Send sae for list.

Anarchist Posters—each one an original woodcut. Bakunin, Kropotkin, Malatesta. 30p from 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

Individualist Forum, 31 Romilly Street, W.1, Sunday, June 11, 7.30. Mervyn Jones: 'Censorship'.

Australian Red and Black 4 available from Jim Couch, Box 131, The Union, Sydney University 2006. Articles on Russia 1917-21, Bakunin, IWW, etc. 30p.

Handyman-Decorator. Thursday to Sunday. Jobs by day or hour (minimum 2 hours). Box 16 c/o FREEDOM.

Oxford Anarchists meet every Friday, 8 p.m., Clarendon Press Institute, Walton Street.

East Kent Anarchist Federation. Inaugural Meeting: Saturday, June 17, 3 p.m., at 22 Royal Road, Ramsgate.

Dorset Proposed Group. Contact M. and P. Bord, 35 Moorland Crescent, Upton, Poole, Dorset.

Anarchist Meetings. 271 Commercial Road, First Floor, changed to Tuesdays 8 p.m.

BLAST — Bristol Libertarians Against State Tyranny formed. Contact c/o Cowper Road, Bristol, 6.

Anarchist Summer Camp. Anyone interested contact P. H. Jacques, 4 Rue du College d'Annecy, 84 Avignon, France.

E. London Women's Workshop on Housing, TUs, SS, etc. June 17, 10-5.30, London College of Furniture, 41 Commercial Road. E.1. Creche and refreshments.

Corby. Public meeting on 'Anarchism and Workers' Control' planned for June 29. Green Room, Civic Centre at 7.30 p.m. Local help with publicity appreciated. Contact Terry Phillips, 7 Cresswell Walk.

Workers' Control. Anarcho-syndicalist group to be set up on LTE Railways. Contact P. J. Goody, 5 Grafton Close, Hounslow, TW4 5NQ.

Stoke Newington 8 Trial. Send all aid to '8' Fund, Compendium Bookshop, 240 Camden High Street. Meals, fruit, papers, books (new ones only), cigarettes and money needed.

Harringay and District Anarchists meet every Thursday from 8 p.m. in the Saloon Bar of the Osborn Tavern, Stroud Green Road, Finsbury Park.

Anarchist Meetings. Wednesdays 7.30 p.m. 271 Commercial Road, E.1 (1st floor).

London Anarchists meet socially at 'The Marquis of Granby', Cambridge Circus, Charing Cross Road, Sundays from 7.30 p.m. onwards.

Oxford. Anarchist meetings every Friday 8 p.m. Clarendon Press Institute, Walton Street, Oxford.

Croydon Group meet Top Flat, 4 Warminster Road, S. Norwood, S.E.25, at 7.30. April 4: Speaker—Vik Van Brantegem on the SMOG Committees.

All Saints Collective, 53a Portland Road, Radford, Nottingham, need militant activists for full time community work or industrial action.